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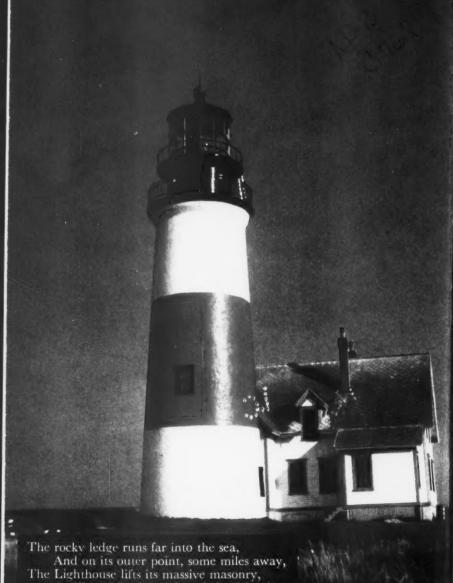
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ARE THE MOVIES
A MENACE?

See Page 35



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SANKATY HEAD, NANTUCKET, MASS. KODACHROME BY ELIZABETH HIBBS

A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

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Merry-Go-Round.

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Are the Movies a Menace?.....EZRA GOODMAN

The World Today

THE WORLD TODAY needs men who believe that this is a good world and who will work to make it a better one: men to whom honesty is not a policy, but their normal state of being; whose consciences respond to right and truth with the steadiness of the needle to the pole; men who have the courage of their convictions and dare to proclaim them though the heavens totter and the earth vawns; men who prefer honor to wealth, truth to sophistry, kindness to covetousness, modesty to vain-

gloriousness, service to recognition, humility to grandeur, usefulness to reward: men who have found their business in life and attend to it; who neither lie, shirk, nor meddle: who have a definite aim, go straight for it, and treat failures as steppingstones to success; men who dare to think for themselves, to drink out of their own wells and eat their own sweet bread, earned by the toil of willing hands and brains; men who, surrounded by barnacles, bores, busybodies, fanatics, knaves, pests, triflers and wiseacres, manage to maintain their faith in God and the high destiny of the human race.



ILLUSTRATION ADAPTED FROM MILLET'S "THE ANGELUS" BY ROBERT LEVERING

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Endless Variety in Articles and Pierures

Your Master Key

to

Relaxation

by Dr. DAVID H. FINK and JOHN E. GIBSON

This is the story of a fascinating quest for a magic key to unlock the secret of mental and emotional tensions. It began not long ago when a wealthy patient came to the consulting office of one of the authors of this article. Tense and unhappy, he admitted that he hadn't felt well in 20 years.

"But there's nothing physically wrong with me," he was quick to say. "I've had two complete checkups in the last 18 months."

"Have you any idea what your

trouble really is?" he was asked.

"Yes. I can't relax, can't get a good night's sleep. Most food disagrees with me. I'm not getting any fun out of life."

Then the patient snorted. "Oh, yes, I've read all the books on the subject. I know what the experts say—that at least two-thirds of our ills are caused by mental and emotional tensions. That's fine—except that I can't relax!"

"Didn't the books help? The advice for learning how to relax? Re-

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educating the mind and muscles, forming new mental habits?"

The patient shrugged in impatience. "Certainly," he said. "But who has time for all that rigmarole? I'm a busy man. I can't drop everything and take time out for 'relaxing exercises,' even if I remembered to do it. What I want is a short cut. Just tell me one thing that will solve the whole business."

"In other words, you want a magic button to press?"

"That's right, Doctor," the patient said. "A magic button!"

This patient was unwittingly speaking for millions of people. Most adults need desperately to relax—and can't. Many try, starting out with the best of intentions, but become discouraged and give up. Like the harassed patient, they want a magic button.

Our patient posed a challenging question. Was there a "magic button" just waiting to be discovered? Psychiatrists were consulted and the

Dr. David H. Fink, psychiatrist and authority on relaxation, was introduced to Coronet readers in May, 1946, when his best-seller, Release from Nervous Tension, appeared in condensed form. Based on an exhaustive study of the dynamics of relaxation, this book has since become a widely used standard reference work. As psychiatrist for the Veterans Administration and for the Superior Court of California, Dr. Fink studied more than 10,000 personal case histories. His investigation into why some of these thousands of subjects were able to relax, while others could not, has resulted in significant discoveries, one of which is the basis for this article. His collaborator, John E. Gibson, is a well-known contributor to Coronet and other national magazines.

question was pondered at clinical conferences. Was there a "master key" to relaxation—one simple rule, perhaps, that would banish a patient's mental and emotional tensions completely?

After long deliberation, a consensus was reached: it was both physiologically and psychologically feasible to assume that such a "key" existed. But finding it would be like locating a needle in a haystack.

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At subsequent conferences, the two most promising "haystacks" were selected for the search. No. 1 consisted of thousands of case histories of patients who were suffering from mental and emotional tensions. No. 2 comprised the case records of people who were comparatively free of such ailments.

For several months, every detail of these case histories was carefully appraised. Then, gradually, the findings showed promise of leading to a startling discovery. Investigators held their breaths. The "hay-stacks" were yielding a clue to the lost needle. Finally, when the study was completed, the researchers knew that they had found something vitally significant.

First: case records showed that the group who suffered from extreme tensions—and could not relax—all had one trait in common. They were hypercritical—that is, extreme faultfinders. Second: not a single individual in the other group possessed this characteristic.

Promptly, tests were made on other people selected from various walks of life, but not a single tension-ridden individual could be found in these groups who was not also hypercritical. On the other hand, among those who were com-

paratively relaxed there were no faultfinders and carpers.

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Did this mean, then, that chronic tension existed only among the hypercritical? If this were true, it was not only an amazing psychological discovery but might well be the "master key" we were seeking. To settle the question, tests were made with chronic tension cases so stubborn that they had failed to yield even to psychoanalysis.

Each patient was told in effect: "Experiments have shown that chronic tension goes hand in hand with a hypercritical attitude. If you will merely curb your fault-finding tendencies, there is scientific reason to believe that you will get rid of your tensions." Then the patient was subjected to brief psychotherapy, designed to make him acutely aware of his overcritical attitude, and told to lean over backwards in an effort to make his attitudes more tolerant.

The results of the tests were astonishing. Seventy-eight per cent of the patients showed marked improvement within an extremely short time. As for the remaining 22 per cent, a majority confessed that they had not applied the "cure" conscientiously.

How can an overcritical attitude bring about chronic tensions? Why is it virtually impossible for a faultfinder to relax? Psychologists explain the phenomenon by the law of projection. Our impression of people is highly colored by our own personality traits, which we unconsciously project upon them. In other words, we can't help but judge others by the yardstick of our own personality.

A selfish man thinks most people are selfish, a dishonest man finds it hard to trust anybody because he thinks they are dishonest too. And in the case of the hypercritical individual he unconsciously expects that others will be equally critical of him.

Therefore he assumes a tense, onguard attitude. Chronically on the defensive, his mental and emotional tensions mount until it becomes impossible for him to relax—no matter how hard he tries. But when he curbs his tendency to be overcritical, tension gradually vanishes—since the psychological reasons for it have been removed.

Aside from the fact that fault-finding makes it impossible for a person to relax, authorities now know that it can be a kind of disease that sometimes results in serious mental and physical complications. Yet fortunately, a person can be cured without ever visiting a doctor's office. Let's look at a typical case history:

Helen, a schoolgirl, suffered from faultfinding. Nothing was ever good enough to suit her. As a result of her preoccupation with the faults of her teachers and their methods, she failed in most studies. Because girls feared her sharp tongue, she wasn't popular with her own sex. For the same reason, she had few dates with boys. Her family, sensing her unhappiness, tried to help her, but she was critical of every suggestion.

Feeling miserable and left out of things, she finally quit school and got a job. But her relationships with fellow workers at the office proved no happier. Her bitterness increased as her natural craving for affection and companionship

became more and more frustrated.

She felt tense and nervous; her digestion and appetite suffered; she lost weight. But when finally she went to a doctor, she was so critical of his common-sense advice that the visit did her no good whatever.

Subsequently, Helen fell in love with an understanding young man. This, she felt, was the answer to everything. But her happiness didn't last. The young man's understanding was taxed to the point where it snapped. When the romance was broken off, she simply couldn't take it. On the verge of a breakdown, she went to a psychiatrist.

Helen expected to hear a very frightening diagnosis of some obscure condition. Instead, the psychiatrist told her very simply that her only trouble was excessive faultfinding. A few months previously, she probably would have laughed at the diagnosis, but now she realized that she had reached the end of her rope. So, taking his advice, she tried conscientiously to overcome her faultfinding habit.

Since the trait was deeply ingrained, the process took time. But she finally succeeded. Today she is happily married and well adjusted; yet she still carries in her purse a little book in which she jots down a warning mark if she is tempted to be hypercritical.

EXCESSIVE FAULTFINDING is not only highly destructive to morale, but often undermines confidence to such an extent that it paralyzes constructive effort. Take the case of a leading businessman who became so critical of his own efforts (as well as those of his associates) that he completely lost his ability to

take quick and decisive actions. The fact that his firm is now headed for bankruptcy has made him more self-critical and even less self-confident. His only chance of saving himself and his company is to get rid of the hypercritical attitude.

A well-known novelist has become so critical of the world and consequently of himself and his own efforts that his literary production has slowed almost to a standstill. He sits for hours, staring at a blank sheet of paper in his typewriter. Recently he confessed that at the rate he was going it would take 100 years to finish his next novel. And it probably will—unless he overcomes the habit that is hampering him.

If you are one of those who suffer from the disease of faultfinding, the tested rules listed below will enable you to cure yourself. If your case is extreme, you have to do an aboutface at first in the direction of *over*tolerance, but don't let this worry you—you will soon strike a happy medium.

1. Just don't criticize for the fun of it. If your trade or profession requires criticism, then limit it to specific considerations.

2. Try to see something good in other people. Don't bolster your own ego by tearing down others, but find something worth while in them to emulate.

3. To build up your own self-esteem, learn how to do things—anything—better. Learn to skate, sail a boat, identify flowers or whatever strikes your fancy. Healthy egotism is the best antidote for faultfinding, since hypercriticism stems from a basic feeling of insecurity or inferiority. When you

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can do things better, people will recognize your ability, and the underlying cause of faultfinding will be removed.

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4. When an occasion for criticism arises, try to understand the other fellow's side. Service in the store may be slow, other people may be less than perfect, but perhaps they have troubles that you know nothing about. Remember that to be hypercritical is no mark

of superiority, but rather an admission of ignorance.

Fortunately for all of us, it is now apparent that faultfinding is the cause of many human ills, both mental and physical. So guard against indulging it. Once you realize that looking at the better side of life pays dividends, your own life will daily become more enjoyable and productive, as will the lives of everyone around you.

"I Like Kids . . . "

THE TRAVEL-WEARY youngsters in the day coach were becoming tearful and querulous toward afternoon, when a slender, sad-faced youth of about 16 resolutely polished his spectacles and moved to the front aisle.

"Step right up, children," he

said. "The day-coach class begins right now."

He drew startled attention, but nothing happened. "Come on, kids," he pleaded. "Give your mothers a rest and join the party. There's plenty of room up front for all!"

A small tow-haired lad ventured down the aisle, eyeing the self-appointed schoolmaster skeptically. Then a gentle arm embraced him and edged him into the recess of four seats facing each other.

Within ten minutes, that section of the coach was crammed with eager youngsters, trying to answer the first question: "What's your name, and where do you come from, and where are you going?"

When the train vendor clattered past, the schoolmaster bought containers of milk and called "time out" for refreshments. Later, as the train neared Pittsburgh, the class dispersed for face-washing and slicking-down. Grateful mothers scurried to the schoolmaster to offer payment for the milk, but the slender youth refused reimbursement, shrugging off their thanks.

"I like kids," he said, "besides, they helped me pass the time — kept me from thinking too much."

> Entering the smoking car for a last-minute cigarette, I encountered the sad-faced youth again. He was sitting motionless, expressionless, neglected maga-

zines on his lap.
"Want a smoke?" I asked.

"Oh, sure—thanks."

Absently he reached for the cigarette, touched it to my match, puffed with the telling effort of the nonsmoker.

"Where are you going?" I in-

quired.

"To a funeral," he replied softly. "Three little kids on a school bus. Skidded in the snow...my kid brothers."

Silently he got up, ground the cigarette under his heel, and walked from the car. —DOROTHY GALE

America's New Rumor Epidemic

by HERBERT L. SCHON

A good story dies hard, even if it isn't true, and some whoppers are going around!

A died in California, where her relatives arranged to have the remains shipped back East for burial. About the same time, a retired brigadier general passed away on the West Coast and arrangements were made to have his body buried with other heroes in Arlington National Cemetery.

Somewhere en route, shipping tickets for the two caskets were transferred. The New York woman's remains were sent to the National Cemetery where she was interred with full military honors. The general was buried in New York with all the rites of a church to which he did not belong.

This story is just about as fantastic as it sounds, yet Army officials in Washington have been receiving excited inquiries about the yarn for three years. Varying versions, reported as fact, are told of society leaders in the Midwest and retired general officers living in any one of a number of states.

Thus far nobody has been able to supply the Office of the Quartermaster General, charged with burial of all military dead in national cemeteries, with actual names and dates. Tellers of the tale never seem to know the people actually involved. Like most myths, it came to them second- or third-hand.

Fortunately the Army was able to investigate the report of the transferred caskets. During the period the brigadier general was supposed to have been put to rest in Arlington, no interment of a high-ranking officer had taken place for months. And official records showed no complaints at the cemetery involving an incorrect burial.

A veteran newspaperman, hearing about the investigation, recalled that years back a similar incifie

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dent had been reported in London. He estimated the time as shortly after the Boer War. Obviously the story has been told around the world, the locale changing through the years from England to America.

The Army is still prepared to investigate further if actual names and dates can be furnished. Needless to say, this offer has not been taken up as yet by any of the people who have repeated the fable as gospel truth.

How such old wives' tales originate is difficult to determine. Most of them would do credit only to the mind of a precocious child. Yet the stories persist and grow

in the telling.

If the war gave rise to preposterous rumors and bizarre stories, the postwar world is enjoying a field day of fables told as fact. New records are being established for unbelievable accounts, passed by word of mouth, involving events that never happened. In an uncertain period, when the least-expected sometimes does take place, the gullible are being victimized daily by skillful rumor-mongering.

One postwar tale which recently spread from coast to coast popped up first in Massachusetts. This fabricated fiction dealt with a childless widow anxious to adopt a little refugee girl. She went to an agency and ultimately decided upon a girl eight years old. The youngster was in tears as the adoption was consummated and pleaded that she not be separated from a younger brother, also a ward of the agency.

Touched by the child's pleas, the woman agreed to make a place in her home for the boy, too. The girl was elated and later showed her benefactress a letter. This missive, she disclosed, had been written by her mother, a victim of a Nazi concentration camp. It urged the girl always to watch over her brother and shield him from harm.

As the woman read the letter, her eyes filled with tears. When she saw the signature, however, she fainted. The letter was from a sister who had lived in Germany and from whom she had not heard in 20 years or more.

This heart-rending bit of bunk makes for good after-dinner chatter, but the facts are that a check of all agencies attempting to place refugee children in American homes fails to disclose any responsible person who can verify the account.

All the details combine to make a story just a trifle too pat to be swallowed whole without adequate confirmation.

Another tear-jerker concerns an elderly widow, all alone in the world. Her name, which nobody ever seems to know, must be legion, for she is reported as having lived in New Haven, El Paso, Seattle and Pasadena.

This good woman had, as the only remembrance of her happy married days, an endearing cocker spaniel. She loved the dog as if it were a child, but death finally came to this last living link with her past happiness. The kind-hearted owners of the estate where she had lived with her husband heard of the dog's demise and urged the widow to bury the animal on the grounds where she had spent the most pleasant part of her life.

With heavy heart, she prepared a suitcase in her lonely boarding-

T

house room as a casket for the cocker spaniel. Then she set out to take a bus for her former home. The bag was heavy, however, and a kindly young man offered to carry it to the bus stop for her. Delighted, she agreed.

As they reached the bus station, however, the man darted away, suitcase clutched in hand. Robbed of the only thing in life which mattered to her, the widow died with-

in a few days....

The obvious fact that no reputable news agency has ever issued these rumor-ridden fancies does not seem to deter those who give credence to such unlikely stories. The human mind fights to the last against giving up myths which add a dash of spice to everyday life.

STILL ANOTHER MYTHICAL story cost the U.S. Government thousands of dollars. Late in 1946, reports began filtering out of China that American fliers who had crashed in a remote section had been taken captive by a semicivilized tribe of Chinese called Lolos. The Air Force officers and enlisted men were being used, the rumors asserted, as slaves.

An Army investigation was started immediately in China, and after months of negotiating, a meeting of Lolo chieftains was arranged. The head men, originally reported as bloodthirsty savages, turned out to be quite cooperative. When a survey was made of their area, it failed to disclose a single captive American. But money, time and energy needed for other military projects had been expended before this particular myth was exploded. Wishful thinking helps people to

believe stories of ridiculous contests which never existed. Recently in the Midwest, cigarette sales began soaring when reports swept from city to city that auto manufacturers had started a contest involving revenue stamps. Under the stamp on each pack of cigarettes, rumor had it, would be found one or two letters of the alphabet. The double letters meant nothing. If the single letter was "F," however, the stamp owner would win a Ford, and if a "B" were discovered, a

Buick could be claimed.

A similar bit of mass daydreaming which captured the imagination of thousands resulted in a deluge of inquiries to the Bureau of the Mint in Washington about the markings on silver dollars. Seemingly anxious for sudden riches, these people asked for information about a nonexistent contest. They had heard that anybody having five silver dollars with mint marks. one to the coin, spelling the word "south" would be presented with some sort of princely premium by the government. Officials are still trying to determine how this nonsensical story started.

Recently, people supposedly "in the know" spread the word that the Government Printing Office was working overtime to print ration books for foodstuffs and clothing. So many were duped by this rumor that Augustus E. Giegengack, the Public Printer, had to make a statement denying that his office had been commissioned to print a single ration book since

OPA controls went off.

Husband-and-wife stories which leave the listener gaping travel across the country with incredible speed. The best tale in this category is the myth about the flirtatious wife who was presented with a mink coat by an admirer. Obviously she could not bring the valuable coat home without having her husband ask embarrassing questions, so she decided to leave the coat at a pawnshop.

At dinner that evening, she nonchalantly mentioned to her husband that she had found a pawn ticket. It might be fun, she suggested, to redeem the article to see if it had any real value. A willing

tool, the husband agreed.

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Next evening, when the woman cheerily greeted her spouse at the door, he was carrying a large box. Visions of mink disappeared, however, when she opened the box and discovered an ancient fur piece.

"I'm sorry, dear," said the husband, "but I guess your pawn ticket didn't amount to much."

There was nothing for the wife to say, either then or next day when she visited her husband's office and saw his blonde secretary

resplendent in mink.

Almost as unbelievable is the surprising saga of the gentleman farmer who came back from the city to find his house on fire. Intent on saving his wife, he rushed bravely into the inferno. When he emerged he discovered he had saved not his wife but a handsome young male friend who had been visiting during his absence.

Certain tall tales have been repeated so often that they have already passed into the folklore of our times. Only a zany who believes everything he hears, for example, would fall for that old whopper about the man who dreamed he looked out his window and saw a hearse parked at the curb. The driver of the vehicle motioned to him, according to the story, and said, "Always room for one more."

Next day, still thinking about his strange dream, the man went into a department store and attempted to board a crowded elevator. "Always room for one more," the operator said, urging him to get in. Alarmed at hearing the very words of his dream repeated, the man backed away. The doors of the elevator closed.

While reading his evening paper later in the day, the dreamer was dumfounded to learn that a defective cable had caused the elevator to plummet from the fifth floor of the store to the basement,

killing all the passengers.

Old as it is, the elevator story is still making the rounds.

OLD LADIES INEVITABLY figure in horror stories which never happened. Boston was agog recently over the heart-breaking story of a poverty-stricken widow who subsisted by visiting cafeterias and picking up pieces of food left on the tables. One day the poor woman's hungry eyes sighted half a biscuit, and eagerly she stuffed it into her mouth. Death came in a matter of minutes.

According to the story, the biscuit had been covered with a poison which, because of her poor eyesight, the unfortunate widow had failed to detect. A disillusioned war veteran had sprinkled deadly powder over it an hour before as a prelude to suicide. The name of the cafeteria and the identities of the soldier and woman, however, are se-

crets which Boston will apparently

never give up.

While real life can undoubtedly be stranger than fiction, it is more than likely that the amazing story you heard the other day involving unidentified people in unknown places is as false as an April Fool's Day fire alarm. A few well-directed questions generally shatter such fantastic tales into fragments.

Reports that Seeing Eye dogs would be given away to people saving a sufficient number of red cellophane tabs from cigarette packages and that any temporary food shortages can be attributed to the fact that the Army is piling up huge stocks in anticipation of another war, provided the nub of stories told recently in hundreds of towns all over America. The plain and fancy trimmings of such blather vary to fit local geographic and economic conditions.

With a Presidential-election year now upon us, be prepared to take more of the incredible stories, told as fact, with a few grains of salt. For despite the American's traditional belief in the powers of common sense, he seems always willing to listen to the latest whopper—provided it's intriguing enough.



Salesmanship

I WALKED PAST A GROUP of shoeshine boys one Saturday afternoon in downtown Philadelphia. Seeing my unshined brogues, the youngsters pounced on me as an easy target. Each did his best to sell me on his particular soupedup extra-special shine.

One tot, not more than nine years old, sat quietly by the side, unable to bull his way past his older and stronger competitors, but his shoe-shine box did his advertising for him. Big, black, crudely painted letters read: "Shoe Shine,

Five Cents."

I knew that I would have to give in to one of the boys, so more out of curiosity about his five-cent shine than for any other reason, I walked over to the sad-eyed youngster and placed a scuffed shoe on the handmade shoe rest. After many minutes of intense concentration—of retouching, repolishing and brisk shining (during which time near-by kids turned out two jobs apiece)—the child finally tapped my toe and, hardly above a timid whisper, politely asked for a nickel.

The job he did was certainly worth more than a nickel for effort alone, and it hurt my paternal instinct to see the child sell himself so cheaply. One look at this innocent young businessman who seemed so ignorant of his own value compelled me to toss him a quarter for his trouble.

I turned on my way, head high, feeling like a beneficent benefactor—and then it happened. I heard the kid call to his nearest neighbor, "See, what did I tell you—another quarter!"

-E. MITCHELL PINKE



A But not everybody can visit foreign lands, see strange places and talk to citizens of other countries in person. Board the S. S. CORONET, therefore, and make an imaginary trip around the world. How much do you know about the countries you will see? In these three quizzes, match the items in the first column with the countries in the second column. Answers are on page 142.

EXOTIC FOOD: In what country could you order the following national delicacies:

- 1. Borscht
- 2. Zabaglione
- 3. Frijoles 4. Century Eggs
- 5. Coos-Coos 6. Erwtensoep
- 7. L'A Ota
- 8. Öllebröd
- 9. Churro 10. Bouillabaisse

- a. Denmark b. Holland
- c. China
- d. Russia e. France
- f. Spain g. Italy
- h. Africa
- i. Mexico j. Tahiti

PEOPLE: In the streets of what country of their origin could you meet, in your imagination, each of these famous characters from literature?

- 1. Don Quixote
- a. Germany 2. Simon Legree b. Denmark
- 3. Siegfried
- c. Scotland d. Italy
- 4. Frankenstein 5. Dr. Jekyll
- e. U.S.A. 6. Jean Valjean f. Spain
- 7. Romeo
- g. Greece h. Bohemia
- 8. Hamlet 9. Malcolm 10. Orpheus
- i. France j. England

LANGUAGES: Not all countries speak languages which sound like their names. In what nations would you hear these tongues spoken?

- 1. Hindustani a. Afghanistan
 - b. Belgium
- 2. Catalan 3. Annamese
 - c. South Africa d. Ireland
- 4. Romansh 5. Tai
- e. Spain 6. Pushtu f. India
- 7. Amharic
 - h. Switzerland 8. Flemish 9. Gaelic i. Ethiopia
- 10. Bantu
- j. Siam

g. China

EASY WAYS TO CUT LIVING COSTS

by RAY GILES

In these days when everybody is busy talking about high prices, how many of us take time out to look for simple ways of cutting costs? Fortunately, they exist all around us—and they don't require that you give up your car, wear old clothes or otherwise tamper with your standards of living. On the contrary, you will look better and live better while following these 25 simple rules for balancing your budget:

1. Follow Directions. Millions of dollars' worth of home equipment is junked every year because we don't oil, clean, adjust and otherwise take proper care of our mechanical helpers. When did you last read the instructions which came with your vacuum cleaner, sewing machine, electric razor or home typewriter? Why not keep all printed directions in one table drawer-or better still, compile a maintenance chart for your home machinery and hang it on the kitchen wall? It may easily save you up to \$250 in a single year.

2. Plan Your Buying. Before leaving home to purchase furniture, clothing, kitchen equipment or

garden plants, think twice! If color is important, decide exactly which shades look best on you or in your home—and stick to them. Consider patterns so as to avoid those that clash.

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Careful planning keeps you from bringing home white elephants and "sleepers"—those garments, gadgets and other things which are never really used or enjoyed. Even in planning our meals we sometimes do so badly that some food experts claim malnutrition can be almost as common in well-to-do homes as it is among the poor.

3. Buy Quality Appropriate to Service Required. Quality pays in articles you use frequently and long, but lower-priced articles may be better when style is fleeting or use is occasional. Wisely you dodge cheapness in a new fur coat, but for minor accessories you may well turn to the lower-priced.

In your home, you get the best floor coverings you can afford for the living room and dining room, where wear is heaviest, but the standard can be lowered in other rooms. The more you put this principle into practice throughout your home, the more you will save.

4. Improve Your Repair and Salvage

16

Department. Any junkman can tell of electric toasters thrown away when only new cords were needed, of good garments sold as rags when new zippers could have replaced broken ones. Real progress in cutting living costs rests largely on developing your repair skill.

Instead of angrily chopping down a scraggly bush, you prune it and make it flourish. Instead of tossing out an ornate chair of the 1880s, you trim off the gingerbread and rejuvenate the chair with a modern slip cover. Instead of discarding that worn living-room rug, you have it rewoven and dyed for use

in the bedroom.

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5. Don't Oversell Yourself. Consider the home you're buying. When you yield to the temptation to pay "only \$2,500 more" than the \$12,500 which should be your limit, your taxes and fire insurance rise 20 per cent—and up go your maintenance bills. Spending several hundred dollars more than you should for a car brings a similar economic drain for higher license fee, more insurance, and costlier gas, tire and repair bills.

6. Don't Talk Big. When calling on your dentist, doctor, lawyer, or when going into stores, wearing your latest finery or bragging about your new home may only invite top fees and bring out luxuries from

store shelves.

7. Seek Advice. Clothier, butcher, druggist and others from whom you buy can help you with good counsel—if you'll let them. Why buy paint at random when your hardware dealer can tell you the exact kind and amount you need for two kitchen chairs? Why discourage salesmen from explaining which of two

similar articles will serve you best?

8. What Is the Economical Price? To the eye, two rugs look equally good, but one costs 10 per cent more. However, you buy it when you learn that its higher pile and better wool will probably make it wear 50 per cent longer.

Low prices may only spell extravagance when buying overcoats or love seats. Where it takes about as much workmanship to make the cheap article as the better one, skimping on materials is common. But in other cases, the cheaper may be justified, such as canned fruits where higher prices only give fancier pieces and heavier syrup.

9. Why Not Try Secondhand Buying? Read classified advertising for reconditioned typewriters, used musical instruments, furniture left in warehouses or auctioned in broken homes, factory-renewed vacuum cleaners, baby cribs, carriages, and play pens good as new.

10. Use Your Public Library. Ask about books on household management, home repairs, budgeting and cooking. You may also find helpful consumer pamphlets on subjects that range from buying infants' clothing to appraising an old house.

11. Choose the Easy-upkeep Home. It pays to study house design with an eye to maintenance costs. You can easily paint a one-story house yourself, and if the exterior is stucco or shingle you usually have only the trim to paint. Grounds shouldn't be so large, so steeply graded or so overplanted that you will need paid help.

12. Shun High-tax Communities. Taxes are frequently very different in communities which lie only a few miles apart. Paying \$100 more

every year adds up to a waste of \$1,000 in ten years. Even if taxes are now low, scan the future for new roads, sidewalks, schools and other assessments which may turn

your home into a burden.

13. Equip for Moneysaving. A slightly oversize heating plant often saves money because it doesn't have to be forced like a smaller one. Ample refrigeration facilities allow you to buy food for several days. Good home-laundering equipment may save heavily by extending the life of clothing and linen.

14. Cut Heating Bills. Why not insulate the attic yourself? Pull down shades at night and in unused rooms during the day. Avoid open doors and windows around the house and open doors in an attached garage. At night, open bedroom windows only a couple of inches. Thus you may easily save \$50 a year on fuel bills.

15. Handle Small Repairs Yourself. Economical self-reliance begins when you learn to fill plaster cracks, install new washers, mend cracks in wood, and otherwise care for your home instead of depending on carpenters, plasterers and plumbers. Browse in a bookstore or inquire at your public library: there are several excellent books which will prove that you aren't all thumbs.

16. Go Slow When Buying Furniture. For your new home, you'd like to get everything at once. But don't! Go slow and perhaps save hundreds of dollars. Measure space to fill so that you don't buy pieces too big. Buy important pieces first, paying for quality that will be economical. Then fill in gradually.

17. Plan Your Wardrobe. The secret of dressing well on little

money is to have your basic garments of standard and becoming colors, simply cut, conservative in style, good quality. Then enliven and add variety with relatively less-expensive accessories—ties and scarves, shirts or blouses, other trimmings. You will save substantially over the person who buys impulsively and has a closet full of mismated "sleepers."

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18. Avoid Snugness. While you won't want to look baggy, free-fitting garments look better and outwear those which are even a trifle snug. Cheap clothing is often so skimpily made that it cannot be properly altered to fit. If you insist on squirming into a "regular" garment when you should wear a stout, long, short or other special model, you only look comical and at the same time waste money.

19. Have Suitable Work Clothing for house and garden chores. Throwing on an expensive coat to go marketing or to taxi the children to school

raises expenses needlessly.

20. Shoe Bills Drop, perhaps \$50 a year for a family of four, when you keep trees in idle shoes, alternate different pairs from day to day, dry wet shoes slowly at room temperature, keep all shoes clean and well polished.

21. Cut Insurance Bills by paying life-insurance premiums annually instead of semiannually or oftener. Fire insurance taken for three or five years at a time costs less than

the annual variety.

22. Lower Income Tax, both Federal and state, often results from knowing and applying all your possible deductions, like union dues, fees for securing employment, interest on debts, certain losses not

JULY,

covered by insurance, business and professional expenses, local sales taxes. Familiarize yourself with the latest rules about deductions for dependents. Study a good incometax manual to learn about the "evasions" that are perfectly legal.

23. Reduce Auto Expenses. If you're a fast driver, lowering your average speed ten miles an hour may save \$50 a year by reducing gas and tire bills. If you are careless about lubrication and tire inflation, more money is being wasted. And if you spurt when starting, jolt to a sudden stop and bump against curbs, changing your habits may save enough to pay for a new overcoat, even at today's prices.

24. Entertain with Imagination. It isn't always the most lavish parties that we remember, but those where novelty spiced the dinner. If your entertaining is in a deadly and

expensive rut, books about parties show you how to save \$100 or more a year and add to your reputation as host or bostess.

25. Investigate Cheaper Vacations. Many people reduce their vacation expense 25 per cent by going to their favorite resorts in the offseasons when rates are lower. Others have discovered that places off the beaten paths are cheaper and more enjoyable.

But if you want to enjoy the most spectacular scenery of all, accept Uncle Sam's invitation to bring your tent to one of his magnificent National Parks, where small charges and free camp sites await you. Here, as you lounge in old clothes amidst inspiring natural grandeur, you will be thankful that you have reduced your budget for vacations—as well as for the more mundane things of life.

What A World!



In New Guinea the natives have a new racket. It consists of dipping sparrows into peroxide and then selling them as canaries.

In Albany a plumber, flushed with postwar prosperity, has had his initials engraved on all of his tools.

—Hy Gardner in Parade

In a little church in the far south of Ireland, every window but one is of painted glass. Through that single exception may be seen a breath-taking view: a lake of deepest blue, studded with green islets, and backed by range after range of purple hills. Under the window is the inscription: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

—Tales of Hoffman

The absent-minded husband who forgets to mail the letters his wife gives him hasn't much excuse in Amsterdam, Holland. Trolley cars are equipped with mailboxes, and you can make your deposit whenever the trolley stops. The mail is picked up at the trolley terminal.

—Press Association

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THE UP-AND-DOWN TWINS OF SCIENCE

by MADELYN WOOD

Whether it's in the stratosphere or on the ocean floor, no exploration is too daring for "the crazy Piccard brothers"

Before Many Months have passed, ing breathlessly for Auguste Piccard to come *up* and for Jean Piccard to come *down*. Auguste is going down into the terrifying depths of the ocean, farther than anyone has ever gone before. Jean is going up into the reaches of the stratosphere, higher than any other human being has ever ventured.

These two daring feats are about what you'd expect of the fabulous Swiss twins who have more than once made front-page headlines and amazed the world with their explorations. As explorers of the unknown, these 64-year-old brothers have few equals among modern scientists, even if some people smil-

ingly refer to them as "those crazy Piccards."

To look at them, you would guess immediately that they were scientists—and twins. Auguste is a tall (six-foot-three), angular man with a fringe of long hair and a faraway look in his eyes. Jean is a tall (six-foot-two), angular man with a fringe of long hair and a faraway look in his eyes.

Perhaps it's a good thing that Jean lives in Minnesota and Auguste in Belgium, since nobody could tell them apart if they lived in the same place. But even though they live thousands of miles apart, they often get the same ideas at the same time, as their letters reveal.

The ideas are most likely to recall the fantastic adventures that delighted the imagination of Jules Verne. Certainly the most inventive writer couldn't have dreamed up anything better than Auguste Piccard's first great ascent into the It Augumic pher straiscien

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blue-black heights, where man had never ventured before.

It began in the late '20s when Auguste got to thinking about cosmic rays. Hurtling into our atmosphere from remote space were strange radiations that baffled science. Not many of these rays penetrated the earth's atmosphere. Why not, thought Piccard, go up—way up— where there was virtually no atmosphere? With the proper instruments he should then be able to measure cosmic rays as they could never be measured on the ground.

Other scientists were incredulous: the idea of going so high in a balloon seemed fantastic. How would he keep alive in thin atmosphere? How would he control a vehicle which couldn't be steered?

But Piccard had the answers. He had developed a round aluminum ball, hermetically sealed, to replace the old-time wicker basket. As for control, he would take his chances. The Belgian National Fund for Scientific Research provided enough money to build the curious craft.

The public laughed as preparations for the ascent went forward. But in September, 1930, all seemed ready: Piccard was about to take off. Then the barometer dropped, and Auguste had to wait. Weeks went by, then months. The weather was never just right. Finally, on May 27, 1931, Auguste felt that the moment had arrived. As the great balloon swelled again, a wind sprang up, jerking the gondola from its platform. Possibly it was damaged, but Piccard's mind was made up. The ascent would not be put off any longer.

Piccard and Paul Kipfer climbed

into the tiny cabin. Workmen closed the manholes and the two scientists checked their instruments.

"All ready?"

Kipfer nodded. Piccard called, "Let go everything!" and waited for a signal from the men below that they were releasing the balloon. No signal came. Then Kipfer looked out the window and to his astonishment saw a smokestack disappearing below. The men on the ground had forgotten to signal and the men inside the cabin had not heard the shouts of the crowd as the ropes were cast loose.

For Piccard, there was no time to dwell on the fact that at last he was off on his great venture into the unknown reaches of the sky. In the gondola bottom was an opening through which he was to lower an electrostatic instrument to help measure cosmic rays. The job had to be done quickly because the balloon was rising fast; if they hoped to keep sufficient air in the cabin that opening had to be closed. But no matter how hard Piccard pushed, the instrument would not go through.

Suddenly he realized that, in the accident before the flight, the opening had been twisted out of shape. Still he pushed and shoved until Kipfer's alarmed voice stopped him.

"15,000 feet!"

That brought home sharply to Piccard the gravity of their predicament. This was a scientific expedition; he desperately wanted readings from the instrument, yet there was not a minute to waste. Already air in the cabin was becoming rarefied. Should he attempt to close the hole through which the air was rushing, or keep on trying

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to force the instrument through? Piccard stood up. "You try it," he told his assistant.

Kipfer applied all his strength. Suddenly there was the sound of something breaking and the instrument plunged downwards. Kipfer's pressure had broken the quartz insulating tube around the instrument, enlarging the hole. With an ominous whistle, the cabin air rushed out.

Piccard acted swiftly. Seizing an oxygen bottle, he poured some of the precious fluid on the floor. Quickly it evaporated and for a moment the gasping men were able to breathe. Meanwhile, the earth was dropping away fast.

Twenty thousand—twenty-five the altimeter marked the relentless climb. Piccard crouched, stuffing oakum into the hole. Still the whistling continued. If he did not plug that hole within minutes they would

be forced to descend.

What he did not know was that the mechanism for releasing gas from the balloon was not working. They could not have gone down had they wanted to descend. Actually, their lives depended solely on their success in closing that hole.

Desperately they worked before the whistling abated. Then at last came silence. "Never," says Piccard, "have I felt so keenly the satisfaction of perfect quiet."

Auguste straightened up and glanced at the altimeter. It showed more than nine miles! They were in the stratosphere! Piccard looked out into a strange world of vast, purple loneliness—the sky seemed almost black. Far below, the mighty Alps looked like a tiny relief map.

Piccard calculated that they were

looking down upon 250,000 square miles of the earth's surface. They were at the highest point ever reached by man! They had reached a new region of eternal calm and terrible cold. And vet they were plagued by a new danger... heat!

The perspiring men watched the therometer climb toward the equivalent of 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The reason was simple. Up here, where there were no clouds and water vapor, the naked sun blazed

down mercilessly.

Piccard, however, had foreseen the danger and provided an ingenious solution. He had painted one side of the gondola black, the other silver, and then rigged a device to permit turning the black side toward the sun when they wanted heat, the silver side when they wanted to deflect the sun's ray and lower the temperature. But now, as the temperature soared, they were helpless. The turning mechanism had also been damaged in the take-off mishap.

As the perspiring scientists stripped down, they got another shock. The gauge showed that pressure in the cabin was falling. The heat had deformed the rubber joints of the manholes, which were now losing air. To add to the balloonists' misery, their drinking water was al-

most gone.

There they were, almost ten miles above the earth, gasping for breath in a superheated little sphere over which they had no control. There was no way to get down! All they could do was wait and hope. Late in the afternoon the temperature would begin to drop, deflating the balloon. But that was hours away; fered meantime they could only pray airpor

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They won their gamble. Soon the craft was on its way down. Now they had to worry about landing. Below were vawning Alpine crevasses and jagged peaks. As if guided by an unseen hand, the balloon settled in the safest of all possible spots, on a broad glacier. Gratefully the two adventurers made camp. Next morning they made their way to a village and the great news was soon flashed to the world.

But for the intrepid Auguste this was just a start. He made a second ascent with Max Cosyns, this time to a height of more than ten miles, to break his own record. He might have continued his flights had not his wife, Marianne, protested.

Mme. Piccard found an ally in Albert Einstein, who one night visited their home. "Auguste," the famous scientist told him, "you must never go up again. Think of

your wife and children."

MEANWHILE, IN AMERICA, Auguste's chemist brother Jean was watching events abroad with impatience. But his wife didn't think much of his ideas of exploring the stratosphere. Unlike Auguste's spouse, however, she had a solution. He could go aloft on one condition—he must take her along!

With Auguste's advice, Jean and ath his wife designed a craft something ver like the first balloon. There wasn't ere much money for the flight: the \$5,000 that Jean finally scraped together came mostly from friends and business acquaintances. One backer was Henry Ford, who offered the facilities of the Dearborn ray airport for the take-off.

Ford came to the field before dawn, his car followed by six busloads of Greenfield Village school children who surged around the collapsed balloon and gave the Piccards some anxious moments. The take-off itself, however, was uneventful. The big balloon soared swiftly while 45,000 people cheered. The long climb finally ended at 57,559 feet. Jean had broken brother Auguste's record!

The ascent gave Jean Piccard another idea—the one that may take him to new heights. He figured that the stratosphere balloonist would have more control over his craft if it were lifted by many small balloons instead of one big one. So he rigged a collection of 98 balloons and attached them to a wicker basket which he called "the bathtub"—an item it greatly resembled. It wasn't big enough for two, so Jeannette agreed to keep in touch with him by short-wave radio.

This time, Jean stopped at a mere 11,000 feet. When he came down, the bathtub landed in a tree, and soon he was wiring Mrs. Piccard: "Landed safely Lansing Iowa. Balloon under perfect control. Equipment burned up."

Having proved that the multiple-balloon idea worked, Jean might have made more ascents, but the war came along. Now his eyes are turned skyward again, his goal this time some 20 miles—more than 100,000 feet! When he comes down, he expects to have the most complete information about cosmic rays ever obtained.

While Jean is planning for his Navy-sponsored ascent into the blue, Auguste is readying fantastic equipment for a daring venture into the crushing depths of the sea. On the ocean floor lurks a menace far more ghastly than hideous sea monsters of the imagination. That menace is pressure. Three miles below the surface, it reaches 9,000 pounds per square inch!

When Piccard pondered the problem of undersea travel, he came up with something startling—a "free balloon" that would navigate under water much as his balloons had operated in the stratosphere. Fantastic as the device may sound, apparently it made sense to the directors of the Belgian National Fund. They put up the money, and Piccard and his old associate, Cosyns, began building their fabulous "bathyscaphe."

When finished, it will look like a steel ball attached to a big tank, but actually it will be a highly complicated mechanism. Attached to the craft are tanks of gasoline, which is lighter than water. Push a button, gasoline is released and the craft descends. To make it ascend, iron and concrete weights are released from magnetic moorings. For horizontal travel, propel-

lers will move the craft slowly forward or backward. Brilliant searchlights are provided to penetrate the inky blackness.

What does Auguste Piccard hope to find beneath the surface of the sea? "It's about time we started exploring down there," he declares. "The oceans will be mankind's treasure trove of the future."

To prove it, Piccard tosses out facts, such as the startling one that 80 per cent of all our natural resources—minerals, oil, agricultural—can be found at the bottom of the oceans. The sea is also one vast hydroponic farm, capable of growing hundreds of different kinds of crops useful to man.

Piccard knows that even though the bathyscaphe is a mechanical marvel, it must contend with a relentless force. He also knows that no matter how carefully plans are laid things can go wrong. But Auguste isn't worrying much about personal danger. He and Jean are both confident that you just can't keep a Piccard down—or up— depending on which one you are talking about.

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Signs of the Times

Sign in an Indianapolis public park: "These flowers are under the personal care of each visitor."

A sign in a Missouri bank reads: "The worst place in the world to live is just beyond your income."

-KENILWORTH H MATHUS

In a hotel in Rochester, Minnesota (home of the Mayo Clinic), a sign advises: "Please do not discuss your operation in the lobby."

—Danton Walker



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Laughter is a healthful tonic—good for young and old. So gathered here to enhance your well-being are some amusing bits from the everyday world

IT WAS THE FAMILIAR scene of the motorcycle policeman overhauling the pretty girl driver.

"Miss," he said (this time), "you were doing 80 miles an hour."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl. "Isn't that wonderful for my first day of driving!"

—MARY JANE O'REILLY



Two tramps sat with their backs against an old tree. Before them a stream rippled on its way. The day was grand, but in spite of all this, one of them looked unhappy.

"You know, Jim," he said, "this business of tramping around ain't what it's cracked up to be. Think it over—nights on park benches or in cold barns. Traveling on freight trains and always dodging the cops. Getting knocked from one town to another. Worry where your next meal is coming from. Nobody wants you anywhere, all you get are

sneers from everybody..." His voice trailed off and he sighed.

"Well," said his companion, "if that's the way you feel about it, why don't you get yourself a job?"

The first one sat up with a jerk. "What!" he scowled. "And admit I'm a failure?"

—Berwyn Life



ONE SWEET YOUNG THING in the lower ranks of the bureaucrat army was determined not to be caught with her guard down in the Government's loyalty probe.

Faithfully filling out the questionnaire intended to expose Communists and fellow travelers on the U.S. pay roll, she came to the question demanding a listing of all organizations to which she belonged.

Conscientiously, she wrote: "Van Johnson Fan Club."

-Pathfinder



When one of his employees walked into his office one morning, the head of a large advertising agency, who was intoxicated with his own power of oratory, immediately began to expound on the necessity of high-pressure advertising in the present-day world.

"The main thing to remember," he said, pounding his fist on the desk, "is that repetition, repetition, repetition, is the keynote! If you have a product to sell, keep harping on it in every possible way, cram it down people's throats—make yourself sickening and repulsive if you have to, but don't ever forget to repeat and repeat and

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repeat! It's the only way to get results!"

"Yes, sir," the employee replied in a meek voice.

"And now, what was it you came in to see me about?" the head of the agency asked.

"Well, sir," came the reply, "a raise! A raise! A raise! A raise! A raise! A raise!" —VERNON H. KURTZ



THE OLD LADY PASSING the insane asylum stopped an inmate on the grounds and said, "Can you tell me the time?"

The cloistered brother took out a foot rule, then got out a slide rule and a compass and a T square. After fiddling with them for about five minutes he finally said, "It's just 4 o'clock."

"Wonderful," said the lady, "but what do you do if it's raining and you, can't measure the shadow?"

"Oh," shrugged the inmate, "in that case, I have to look at my watch."

—Sally Carter



SAID A FOREMAN to one of his workmen: "When I hired you two weeks ago, you told me how good you were. Now tell me all over again. I'm getting discouraged."



I was pretty tired of the constant procession of house-hunters, escorted by real-estate agents, traipsing through my home, which I had listed for sale. Finally I got to the point where I opened the door to admit each party and then re-

turned to my book until they left.

My two very small children were playing indoors one winter day when an agent arrived with a family including three children about the size of mine. I let the agent show them through, and when they were ready to leave I put aside my book to help the harassed father catch rapidly moving children, stuff them into snow suits, and bundle them out to his car.

I had no more than got back to my reading when the doorbell rang again, and wearily I got up and opened the door. It was the same harassed father, and he held a child out to me.

"This one," he said with an accusing glare, "isn't ours!"

—Don Stanford



When you consider the extensive entourage and the fuss that accompany a chief executive when traveling, contemplate the simple days of Calvin Coolidge's White House term when he drove Secret Service men frantic by deciding to go to Chicago on a speaking trip on a regularly scheduled train, not a special. President and Mrs. Coolidge simply occupied one Pullman drawing room.

Mr. Coolidge even went into the diner for his breakfast. The dining-car steward naturally hovered over him to see that the service was flawless, and at the breakfast's end the steward beamed, "Was the coffee all right, Mr. President?"

"Why?" drawled Calvin. "Was anything supposed to be the matter with it?" —From Thoughts While Shaving,

by NEAL O'HARA, Waverly House

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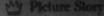
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different types of flowers lend brilliance to the countryside. To bring you some of the most beautiful of these (like Queen Anne's Lace, above), Coronet presents the magnificent color photographs on these pages.



Forming virtual seas of blazing sunshine, the Golden Poppy, California's state flower, is like a symbol of America's brilliant, luxuriant West.



From May to June, Blue Lupine blooms in sandy fields all over the U.S. This is one of our most charming flowers, bending to the wind like a banner—violet, purple, and sometimes even pure white.



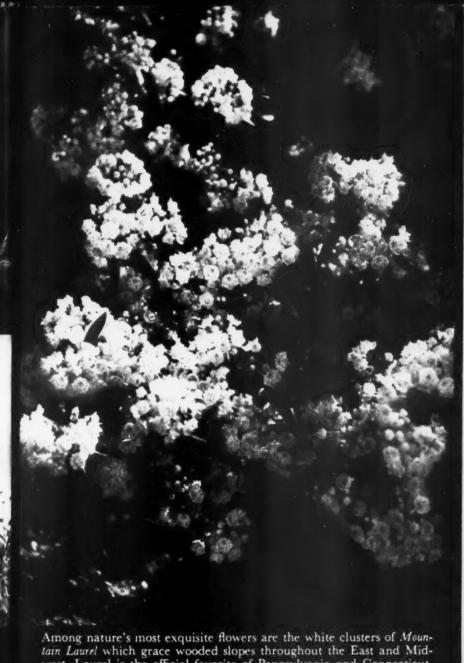
Big and showy, the Sunflower is one of the nation's most familiar blossoms. Though it is the state flower of Kansas, it grows everywhere in open fields and gardens, often reaching heights of 10 or 12 feet.



Inspiration of poets, Sweethrier (left) forms a sharp contrast with the Bull Thistle (right) which is the despair of Eastern farmers.



Wyoming's state flower, the Indian Paint Brush or Painted Cup, grows in moist meadows from Maine to Texas. The real blossoms of the plant are hidden. Its bright head is actually tinted leaves.



tain Laurel which grace wooded slopes throughout the East and Midwest. Laurel is the official favorite of Pennsylvania and Connecticut.



One of the most delicately beautiful of early spring flowers is the Violet. Chosen by four states (Wisconsin, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Illinois), it has for centuries been a symbol of fragility and modesty.

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Flowering Dogwood, a shrub that may grow as high as a tree (40 feet), is a child of April, and one of the traditional signs of spring along the Eastern seaboard of the U.S. It is Virginia's state flower.



Almost birdlike in appearance, the Columbine, state flower of Colorado, has five tube-shaped petals to hold its sweet nectar. Though it is blue in the West, it blooms scarlet and yellow in the South and East.



ARE THE MOVIES A MENACE?

by EZRA GOODMAN

In more than 50 years of movie-making, the American film industry has withstood frequent attacks from all kinds of people in all walks of life. Some of the attacks have been justified, others have been prompted by pressure groups trying to impose their will upon Hollywood's producers. Today, in spite of a self-imposed censorship code, the movies are again under fire from many quarters.

Certain critics blame Hollywood for our soaring divorce rate, others for crime or alcoholism or juvenile delinquency. What is back of these attacks? Has Hollywood lived up to its responsibility as a powerful educational force, or is it guilty as charged? Here are the answers, in a significant and timely feature written after an exhaustive survey involving a year of painstaking research.

ARE THE MOVIES A MENACE?



by EZRA GOODMAN

EXPERTS WHO WEIGH the impact of invention upon our world of today are generally agreed that the motion picture is the greatest device ever conceived for the conveying of information and education. From Boston to Bombay, the silver screen influences manners and morals, creates fads and fashions, shapes thoughts and emotions, and collectively conditions the ways and concepts of life for countless millions of people.

When you go to see Betty Grable's legs or Humphrey Bogart's yeggs, you are being educated as well as entertained. Cecil B. De Mille's movie bathtubs left their mark on modern plumbing. Clark Gable minus undershirt in It Happened One Night set off a slump in the men's underwear business. And the romantic techniques of the Hollywood heroes, whether it be James Cagney propelling a grapefruit into the leading lady's face, or Charles Boyer's continental sleekness, are models for impressionable young swains everywhere.

Carmen Miranda's built-up footgear helped to inaugurate a vogue for platform shoes. Greta Garbo's smoked glasses and Joan Crawford's padded shoulders are still with us. Veronica Lake's over-theeye hair-do prompted an entire generation of girls to peek at the world through their tresses. The best-seller, *Gone with the Wind*, sold an extra 1,000,000 copies after the release of the picture. And as far as millions of people are concerned, it was Don Ameche who invented the telephone, Alexander Knox who was Woodrow Wilson, and Larry Parks who is Al Jolson.

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In view of this documented evidence as to the far-reaching influence of the movies, their power to affect humanity for good or for evil is not disputed by anyone. And yet today the question of whether Hollywood has lived up to its responsibility as a moral, social, economic and political force is being increasingly raised by influential groups and individuals.

As might be expected, this criticism is not new. It began in 1896 when a Kinetoscope film entitled Dolorita's Passion Dance shocked notables of the day. Ten years later, the first censorship statute, aimed at the nickelodeon thriller, was enacted in Chicago. Thereafter, at one time or another, certain sections of the movie-going audience were outraged by Theda Bara and

her "vampire" pictures, Rudolph Valentino's "sheik" roles, the "It Girl" escapades of Clara Bow, and

Mae West's burlesques.

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As a result, Hollywood today governs itself by a censorship code adopted in 1930 and aimed at upholding certain "correct standards of life"—from crime to sex. This code is administered by the industry's mouthpiece, the Motion Picture Association of America, Inc., known informally as the Eric Johnston Office (formerly the Will Hays Office).

Despite the MPA's best efforts, however, complaints against Hollywood are mounting from a variety of sources, ranging from the House Committee on un-American Activities to the Master Plumbers of America. A Federal grand jury interested in the causes of juvenile delinquency has charged that the movies, by presenting too many scenes of plain and fancy drinking, encourage alcoholism and crime. The American Bar Association has solemnly conferred with Hollywood representatives about the "attractive" portrayal of crime in films and the "caricaturing" of judges, lawyers and legal processes.

The National Committee for Mental Hygiene, speaking for a number of illustrious psychiatrists, is attempting to improve the cinematic characterization of its medical constituents, who have become such a screen staple that one analyst of Hollywood recently remarked: "Even the horse operas are garnished with a sprinkling of five-dollar symbols, straight out of

Freud, Jung and Adler."

The Legion of Decency, which represents 24,000,000 Catholics, es-

timates that pictures rated as "objectionable" or immoral have increased almost 50 per cent during the last decade, while the "unobjectionables" have decreased by one-third. The Southern Baptist Convention, speaking for 6,000,000 members, blasts pictures glamorizing "loose morals" as contributing to delinquency and divorce. The Protestant Motion Picture Council failed to choose a pictureof-the-month not long ago because no film "adequately met the Council's standards," and added that this "is an indictment of current movies and a challenge to the movie-makers."

The censorship spats involving The Outlaw, Scarlet Street, Duel in the Sun and Forever Amber have helped to dramatize the situation. A new cycle of hard-boiled gangster films and "private-eye" epics has met with mounting criticism and the charge that crime always pays—

at least in Hollywood.

All this clamoring for Hollywood's cinematic scalp is adding up to the biggest censorship siege the motion-picture industry has experienced since 1934. At that time, a cycle of gangster films, including Little Caesar, Public Enemy and Scarface, led to the formation of the Legion of Decency and the stricter application of the Hollywood Production Code. Since then, the administration of some of the code's rules for observing "correct standards of life" has been eased up, notably during the war years, with a proportionate intensification of protests from religious, civic and welfare groups.

How is the screen's vast popularity and its pervasive role in

American and international life to be reconciled with these recurring charges that the movies are a menace? And are the charges, in fact, rational, logical and justifiable?

In this article, CORONET proposes to answer these questions by classifying and weighing the charges. The editors have gone direct to the organizations and individuals most vocal in their condemnation of the screen and have asked them to supply a bill of particulars to substantiate their indictment.

Hundreds of interviews were conducted in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and other cities over a year's time. Some of the criticisms CORONET found to be unfair. Some were notably fair. But all of the complaints were submitted to leading spokesmen for the motion-picture industry, to find out how Hollywood itself views its responsibilities to society and what the moviemakers are doing about them.

For simplicity, CORONET broke down the great mass of criticism into a dozen major categories. These categories are listed below, each accompanied by a summary of COR-ONET'S findings:

1. The movies encourage drinking and alcoholism through the glamorizing of sophisticated imbibing.

In Variety's words, drinking on the screen is "the No. 1 squawk" against Hollywood. The Woman's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Church, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and a Federal grand jury have recommended that drinking scenes be either partly or totally eliminated. The WCTU has been campaigning

for complete banishment, even in such stern moralistic movies as The Lost Weekend, on the theory that out of sight is out of mind. Other groups recommend that drinking be shown only when authenticity or accuracy of character development demand it.

Dr. A. J. Carlson, University of Chicago physiologist who is scientific director of the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol, concludes that when the screen shows scenes of excessive drinking, surrounded by glamour, social distinction and social approval, this contributes to excessive drinking by society at large.

The accusations about drinking, however, are not generally supported by authorities on alcoholism. An official of Alcoholics Anonymous in New York holds that drinking has more deep-rooted causes, either of personality or environment, than movie-going. And the Laboratory of Applied Physiology at Yale University, whose Section on Alcohol Studies under E. M. Jellinek has extensively studied the problems of alcoholism, has no data to relate drinking on the screen to the consumption of alcohol by movie audiences.

2. The movies malign professions, such as the legal, psychiatric and journalistic, by unrepresentative cinematic characterization.

Professional groups are among the most articulate critics of Hollywood. Lawyers, newspapermen, psychiatrists and police officials have often charged that the movies libel them. Recently, the National Association of Women Lawyers of a and S. spok whe port chia

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criticized Myrna Loy's portrayal of a woman judge in *The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer*. Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie, noted psychoanalyst, spoke for many of his confreres when he complained that movie portrayals of psychiatrists and psychiatry were infantile.

The American Bar Association holds that the law and lawyers are often disrespectfully portrayed on the screen. Newspaper editors and the Newspaper Guild have frequently protested that the movies often show journalists as alcoholic eccentrics, and have refused to be mollified even though journalists have been portrayed on the screen by such representative types as Walter Pidgeon, Clifton Webb, Ray Milland, Joel McCrea, Dick Haymes, Spencer Tracy, James Cagney and Van Johnson.

3. The movies contribute to the delinquency of minors and adults by portraying sex and crime in a luridly attractive light.

This charge has evoked some of the most vociferous name-calling in the current campaign against Hollywood. Some 33,000,000 individuals under 21 go to the movies weekly. Theater exhibitors themselves have a stake in the matter because their younger customers have been known to rip seats, throw missiles, tackle ushers and even set fire to the theater.

The American Bar Association's Committee on Motion Pictures, Radio Broadcasting and Comic Strips has expressed concern over "the extent and manner of the portrayal of crimes of cunning and violence, the attractive settings and

surroundings in which criminals are shown as living, the meticulous accuracy of detail with which the commission of crimes is depicted, and the extent to which the impression is left on the minds of the very young that 'crime does pay' or is worth the risk."

Judge Jonah J. Goldstein of the Court of General Sessions, New York City, has stated that "producers who deliberately 'spike' their pictures with unnecessary horror and brutality do a great disservice to the juvenile theatergoing public. There has been much too much of this on the screen."

According to the most extensive study of the screen and juvenile delinquency—the Payne Fund studies of the Motion Picture Research Council, compiled by psychologists, sociologists and educators—movies are one of the roots of all juvenile evil. Many youthful criminals told Payne investigators that they had learned to pick locks, crack safes and commit robbery from the movies.

Ot 117 delinquent girls in a state training school, 25 per cent indicated that the movies were a direct contributing influence to their own downfall, and of 252 delinquent girls studied, most of them between the ages of 14 and 18, 25 per cent stated that they had engaged in sexual relations with men following the arousing of impulses by a passionate love picture.

On the other hand, the late Dr. A. A. Brill, well-known psychiatrist, attacked most of the Payne Fund statements as "vague and unproven. The movies are blamed for almost every imaginable crime;

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no normal person can be influenced by the movies to do anything wrong that is normally foreign to him."

And Franklin Fearing, professor of psychology at the University of California at Los Angeles, holds that "so far there is almost no unequivocal evidence regarding specific causal relationships between motion-picture experience and specific 'effects' on children's behavior -good or bad. Police chiefs-without understanding juvenile delinquency-blame the movies; parents, detached from the world of the child or adolescent, blame the movies; and nice elderly ladies, with remarkably little personal experience, blame the movies for 'all this sex and drinking."

Child authorities like Dr. Ruth Andrus, chief of the Bureau of Child Development and Parent Education of the University of the State of New York, and Dr. Ernest Osborne, associate professor of education at Columbia University, say that children should not be protected from the realities of the world about them, and that there is no better medium than the movies to build understanding and knowledge. The Schools Motion Picture Committee, a group of New York parents and teachers which recommends movies for young audiences, has found that the best adult pictures are, with few exceptions, also the best for juvenile audiences.

Ultimately, it would seem that the responsibility as to what movies a child shall see devolves upon the parents. J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, says he is more inclined to blame careless, ignorant or in-

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different parents for juvenile delinquency than motion pictures. Bertha M. Luckey, supervisor of the psychological clinic of the Cleveland Board of Education, observes that it is not the movies but the home life of a child which exerts real influence upon him.

4. The movies are undermining marriage and the home by treating marriage lightly and by delineating divorce as glamorous.

Here is another point of fierce contention between Hollywood and its critics. Catholicism forbids divorce and, according to the Rev. Paul W. Facey, writing in *The Legion of Decency*, the subject of divorce is an outstanding source of objection to "B" (objectionable in part) pictures.

Recently, Dr. J. C. Wand, Lord Bishop of London, blamed Hollywood for a large part of Britain's sexual immorality and "appalling" divorce rate. Hollywood, he said, teaches that love is an "overwhelm ing impulse without rhyme or reason, which must at all costs be obeyed, even if it implies stealing someone else's husband or fiancé."

Many sociologists attribute the rising divorce rate in the U.S. to the myth of romantic love which leads to the phenomenon of romantic divorce, a concept fostered largely by films. The seventh Ecumenical Methodist Conference of 1947, singling out hasty marriages, lack of spiritual foundation, easy-to-get divorces, drinking and sexual incompatibility for the rapid rise in our divorce rate, offered five solutions, among which was "supplanting the pagan ideal of the

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home by encouraging the production of motion pictures which reveal the true Christian home."

Judge Edwin Robson of the Superior Court of Cook County, Chicago, who handles hundreds of divorce cases, is inclined to place partial responsibility on Hollywood. In his opinion, "the counterfeit realities" of movie marriage contribute to the discontent of husbands and wives.

However, Chief Magistrate Edgar Bromberger of the New York Magistrates Court, says that in all his experience there has never been serious complaint by any party to a divorce that films contributed in any way to a marriage breakup. And Judge Joseph Sabath, of Cook County (Illinois) Superior Court, holds that movies have little or no effect on the divorce rate. In his many years on the bench, Judge Sabath does not recall a single instance of movies having influenced marital happiness.

5. The movies misrepresent America and the American way of life to moviegoers abroad and thus act as ambassadors of ill will for the U.S.

The pervasiveness of the motion picture makes its problem a global one. Campbell Dixon, film critic of the London Daily Telegraph, writes that "millions of Britons visualize America as a vast Dead End where you run grave risk of being sandbagged at every corner, and where tough guys of 12 beat up their mothers. Millions of others see it as a streamlined paradise where the average housewife lives in a penthouse, drives a glittering motor car, and has the washing done by

a machine while she listens to a chromium-plated radio and entertains a typist in sables, a chorus in trouble and Mrs. Astor."

Many countries were agreeably surprised to learn the true character of America from GIs during the war. Leonard Spigelgass, who supervised the Army-Navy Screen Magazine for American servicemen overseas during the war, concedes that the splendor of American movies may make many Europeans love democracy—but for the wrong reasons. "They are converted to the democratic way of life," says Spigelgass, "because our pictures tell them that democracy means \$50,000 a year and refrigerators and radios and cars and \$1,000 gowns and the right to get a divorce when you're bored."

But Denis W. Brogan, professor of political science at Cambridge University, is convinced that "the movies are innocently the most revolutionary instrument that has come from America since the Declaration of Independence... Taken together they give a picture of American life that is varied, sometimes silly, sometimes worse than silly. But Hitler was wise to discourage American films in Germany, for they showed a country where a people's car is a reality, not a confidence trick."

6. The movies, by caricatures of racial and other groups, are hindering the cause of domestic and international understanding.

Most vocal of the minorities which hold that they are being libeled on the screen is the Negro. According to Walter White of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, "in picture after picture, with but rare exception, the Negro is portrayed as scared of ghosts, addicted to tap-dancing, banjo plucking and the purloining of Massa's gin. Almost no movie-goer can today learn through the film medium that there are Negro businessmen, housewives, educators or just plain John Does. Thus a stereotype of infinite harm is not only being perpetuated but spread around the globe."

A survey of cinema depiction of the Negro was made by L. D. Reddick, curator of the Schomburg Collection of Negro Literature of the New York Public Library. He found that in pictures ranging from The Birth of a Nation to Gone with the Wind, the Negro had been largely libeled and is the most "consistently slandered" of all racial, religious and national groups.

The screen had also been notably remiss, until Crossfire and Gentleman's Agreement, in presenting the problem of anti-Semitism. The death of 6,000,000 European Jews at the hands of the Nazis was touched upon only laggardly in Address Unknown and None Shall Escape. The word "Jew" was never uttered in The Life of Emile Zola, built around the Dreyfus Case. And the recent Abie's Irish Rose elicited protests from both Jewish and Irish quarters.

Señora Émma de Encinas, writing from Mexico in the Saturday Evening Post on "Why Mexicans Don't Like You," singled out the movies as a contributing cause. "The celluloid Mexican generally," she wrote, "is a scoundrel or worse...

with vocabularies limited to 'I theenk.' Such Mexican female characters as escape half-caste roles are presented as 'hot tamales from below the Rio Grande,' with the social graces of a Kansas tornado... Such films misinform U.S. moviegoers and inflame sentiment against the Gringo in Mexico."

7. The movies exert a negative educational influence by distorting history and biography, and by falsifying facts.

According to Montgomery Sterns of Columbia University's Institute for Adult Education, Hollywood productions play no real role in education because they "seem incapable of showing both sides of a problem and because they do not treat fictional stories within the bounds of reality."

Gerald MacDonald of the New York Public Library, adult-education authority, says that the showing of a film followed by a discussion is the most effective method of teaching. Yet Hollywood pictures rarely state a problem, he points out, and the solutions are generally false. As a result, non-Hollywood documentaries are preferred for educational purposes.

Hollywood productions have met with much criticism from educators, historians and cash customers for playing loose with historical and biographical fact. In Suez, for instance, Ferdinand de Lesseps was portrayed by youthful Tyrone Power as a childless bachelor. In reality, de Lesseps, at the time he built the Suez Canal in 1859, was a dignified widower with five sons by his first wife.

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as "a monstrous tissue of false-hoods" about Chopin's life. And Elliot Paul, who worked on the screenplay of *Rhapsody in Blue*, commented that the picture was "the life of the late George Gershwin as he would have lived it with the Hays Office looking on."

Hollywood even fails to show the proper reportorial respect for its own celluloid idols. The Perils of Pauline, purportedly based on the life of cinema serial-queen Pearl White, was a fabulous fabrication, even though Louis Gasnier, Miss White's original director, was listed as technical adviser.

8. The war films produced by Holly-wood were mostly inconsequential or misleading, and Hollywood's treatment of such vital postwar subjects as the atomic bomb has been inept and in-

effectual.

Although such veteran moviemakers as Frank Capra (Why We Fight series), John Ford (Battle of Midway), Garson Kanin (The True Glory), William Wyler (The Memphis Belle) and John Huston (San Pietro) proved that the camera is as mighty as the sword during war, Hollywood's cinematic contribution to World War II was widely criticized for "false realism."

Dorothy Jones, head of the Film Reviewing and Analysis Section of the Hollywood Office of the OWI during World War II, analyzed 1,313 Hollywood films from 1942 to 1944. For this period, three of every ten pictures were concerned with the war in some way. In most of them the enemy was stereotyped as the gangster heavy, who either "heiled Hitler" and spoke with a

guttural German accent, or had slant eyes and hissed his "s's."

"Most of the Hollywood war films," Miss Jones concluded, "were inconsequential, misleading or even detrimental to the war program."

Arthur Miller, author of All My Sons, penned perhaps the most excoriating criticism of the Hollywood war effort: "Although the great mystery of World War II is undoubtedly the mind of the American soldier, Hollywood pictures have shown practically no detailed interest in his mind. Either he came from Brooklyn, in which case he was a thick-tongued 'worker type' and seemed moronically hypnotized by the Dodgers, or he was an upright rural type who had no vices, or he was a really goodhearted Westerner forced to act like a louse because he wanted to be in the Navy and was stuck in the Army-and later came to love the Army anyhow, or ... well, you remember the movies you've seen.

"Why the soldiers seeing these pictures busted out laughing or walked out of the theaters, nobody inside Hollywood or out seemed to understand. Hadn't the studio approached the picture with all due reverence? Hadn't they hired expert Army and Navy technical advisers? Why did the soldiers laugh?

"No matter how many expensive sets the producers order, no matter how many technical advisers they put on the job, the war pictures add up to the same thing—a big bloody Western in uniform, and the saddest thing is that very few people in Hollywood believe that this war is a Western in uniform."

On the other hand, there was

little doubt of the therapeutic value of movies during the war in the rehabilitation of wounded soldiers and of their usefulness in letting the GI live temporarily in a world of make-believe. The movies, too, were one of the links the soldier had with life back home. The Army-Navy film circuits networked the world, giving 3,500 showings daily to 1,500,000 men, and the morale value of these films, second only to mail, was recognized by military authorities.

Some commentators believed that the widened outlook derived by Hollywood from the war would react favorably in the postwar era and help keep alive, as Arthur Mayer put it, "the realization of the fateful participation of every one of us in public affairs." Yet Hollywood's record on such a dynamic postwar subject as atomic energy is shocking. The one "major" movie dealing with the A-bomb was a fictionalized, stereotyped film, The Beginning or the End, in which the neutron was neutralized by a juvenile Hollywood love story.

9. The movies, even the better ones, are sensationalized and distorted by advertising and publicity.

Misrepresentation on the screen is equaled by misrepresentation in advertising. Wilson is an example of a picture that was ballyhooed as just about everything but the political document it was. It was advertised as a musical ("87 beloved songs" sung or played), as a Technicolor spectacle, and as a sex picture (Alexander Knox as Wilson looking at Geraldine Fitzgerald and saying in bold-faced type: "You've

heard about the gossip...There's no use beating about the bush."

The Corn Is Green was advertised with a picture of Bette Davis and John Dall, who played the roles of schoolteacher and pupil, and the romantic implication: "In her heart of hearts she knew she could never hold him." When The Adventures of Mark Twain limped in initial showings, it was advertised in neighborhood theaters as a bang-up Western.

The advertising campaign on R-K-O's *Crossfire* was extraordinarily timid about referring to the picture's theme of anti-Semitism. And advertisements for *The Outlaw*—featuring catch-lines like "How would you like to tussle with Russell?"—helped bring about the introduction of a bill in the New York State Legislature to censor all screen advertising.

10. The off-screen activities of the movie-makers, whether social, marital or political, are often irresponsible.

Since Hollywood basks in a publicity limelight, the words and deeds of film folk off-screen are given a disproportionate value. A young wife who wants a divorce may tell the judge that her favorite film star has been divorced five times. Thus Hollywood's escapades have often been criticized as providing a poor model for the public.

In like fashion, the political activities of Hollywoodites have often been over-publicized. The investigation of subversive activities in Hollywood by the House Committee on un-American Activities seemed to be based largely on the off-screen activities of movie people. To date, nothing of consequence

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has been brought forth to prove that there was, or is, any subvertised sive propaganda in pictures.

In fact, about the only un-American thing in the film industry is the its steadfast refusal to face, on the screen, certain important issues of the day, whether they be democracy, Fascism or communism.

> 11. The movies oversimplify subject matter through reliance on types and type-casting, the star system, and cliches of characterization and presentation.

> Hollywood gives the public what Hollywood thinks the public wants -and maybe a little less, as James Stewart has observed. The recurring myth of the movie audience's 13-year-old intelligence, apparently assumed widely in the motion-picture industry, has been disproved as a libel upon the national mentality. Fortune magazine debunked the supposition when it pointed out that in reality the American people are easily as intelligent as any others in the world—and considerably better informed.

> The movie industry's desire to play things safe by sticking to the tried and trite, and Hollywood's emphasis upon polls and audience statistics as box-office insurance, have caused the movie-makers, in Ernest Borneman's words, to follow the pollsters "so deeply into the morass of the lowest common denominator that their birthright as entertainers and artists got stuck somewhere along the road."

> Meanwhile, the movie-makers have too often excused their product on the ground of its popularity. Hollywood says: "We simply give the public what it wants." It might

be more to the point to say that the public has, thus far, had to take what it gets.

12. The movies, finally, fail to mirror truly the world about us. By depicting a Cinderella-land that lacks truth and integrity, they have not lived up to their obligation as a potentially potent force for human progress and understanding.

Hollywood has not dealt sufficiently in truth, whether physiological or psychological. In their constant emphasis on "escape" entertainment, the movie-makers have neglected to provide pictures, in critic James Agee's words, for those "escapists" who "want to spend a few minutes in a decently ventilated and healthful world where, if only for the duration, human beings are worthy of themselves and of each other."

Hollywood's own censorship code, adopted to ward off outside pressures, has recently been characterized as "senseless" and "dated" by critics within the industry. The code, for instance, is interpreted as forbidding a married couple to occupy a double bed. It frowns on "cleavage" but permits snug sweaters. "Indecent exposure" is taboo, but ultrabrief bathing suits are permissible. And this so-called "voluntary" self-censorship now applies not only to American films but also to foreign films shown in the United States.

Many pictures that live up to the letter of the code violate its spirit with dishonest suggestiveness. The fact that the transgressor in a film is always punished in the end does not mitigate the evil created by lurid and attractive por-

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trayal of his criminal activities. Such a picture was *Brute Force*, described by one reviewer as being predicated upon a "turnabout moral code which portrays each representative of law and order as a case history of depravity, while all the lawbreakers seem like real nice fellows."

Hollywood seems to operate on the theory that what you don't know won't hurt you. The moviegoer has to be saved from himself—from the reality that surrounds him as he comes to the theater and the reality to which he returns after seeing a picture. In short, the fundamental "menace of the movies" is that they have not mirrored that reality truly and clearly enough and have failed to help illuminate our imperfectly perceived vision of a world in anguish.

NORONET'S ANALYSIS of the 12 A charges against Hollywood reveals that two of them-drinking and disparaging the professionsare the pleas of special groups; three of them-delinquency, divorce and foreign reaction-remain not completely verified by actual data and are open to reasonable speculation; while on seven of the charges—racial, educational, advertising, war and postwar, offscreen, clichés and false valuesthe motion-picture industry stands convicted as guilty to a greater or lesser degree.

The overshadowing criticism seems to be that Hollywood oversimplifies and distorts in its presentation of life, that it lacks realism and comprehension, that most movies are only pallid imitations of what a motion picture should be, and that a great, democratic medium is being abased for commercial reasons.

What is Hollywood's own opinion of the present state of the screen and of what can be done to help improve pictures? When CORONET asked several dozen key people in the film capital for their opinions, there was general agreement on these points:

The industry should frankly acknowledge fair criticism, but should stand up to unjustified criticism. The movies are at the mercy of too many pressure groups. Yet the screen is entitled to freedom of speech, just as are the press, literature, radio and theater. Life with Father, for example, ran for seven years on the stage without meeting particular protest because of its comic treatment or baptism. Not until it was transferred to the screen did the pressure groups begin to make themselves heard.

The movies need not more censorship—but less. The industry's reaction to attacks has usually been either to disregard the accusations or to attempt to ameliorate them. Hollywood, says the Motion Picture Herald, prominent trade paper, is accustomed "to run to cover, to tread softly, to apologize, to neglect." Hollywood has failed to inaugurate a test case on censorship since 1915, when the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the censorship laws in Ohio, Pennsylvania and Kansas.

Dore Schary, production chief at R-K-O and maker of *Crossfire*, says: "I would like to see Hollywood pay less attention to certain critics. If we keep constantly tryace?

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ing to accommodate our accusers, the screen may become so inhibited as to be of no use to anybody and accomplish nothing at all."

The late Mark Hellinger, who gave Hollywood some of its more forceful films in *High Sierra*, *The Killers*, and *Naked City*, told corroner shortly before his death that "Hollywood is gutless. You can't make an honest, forceful picture here. Hollywood is the whipping boy for all kinds of pressure groups, and the movie industry does not stand up to them.

"If you make a movie with punch, you are sure to get protests. If, on the other hand, you make a movie that is all sweetness and light, nobody comes to the box office."

Producer-writer Nunnally Johnson believes that "movies are always subject to strange taxation, like the theater, cigarettes and saloons. The natural progress of movies will be interrupted now and then by some fatuousness like the recent Washington investigation, but that will not stop it. Motion pictures, subject to pressures from outside, are becoming more literate, getting broader ideas and presenting them more artistically."

Director William Wyler, who made The Best Years of Our Lives, says: "The control of motion pictures is now being narrowed on political and moral grounds. When you can only touch one side of a conflict, you are stopped. The percentage of good things in the movies in relation to the amount produced should be larger than it is, but Hollywood is now going through a period when the screen will suffer greatly. Many great pictures that

could have been made during the next few years will not be made. But they will not be lost. They will be in someone's head."

George Stevens, head of the Screen Directors' Guild, remarks: "Films basically reflect the conditions of life about them. We need some type of censorship in order not to evade the common moralities, but the censorship that keeps someone from saying something or seeing something is wrong, because it is determining in advance what the American has a right to see on the screen and closing the door to new thoughts and ideas."

Says William Goetz, head of Universal International: "The question of whether the movies are a menace is as loaded as 'When did you stop beating your wife?" The movies are as guilty and innocent, as reprehensible and as praiseworthy, as depraved and as virtuous, as wrong and as right as any other medium of communication or art."

Producer Hal Wallis states: "I do not think the movies are responsible for all the world's ills. These ills were present before the movies were invented. No other industry spends so much time policing itself. There is room for improvement in the over-all entertainment value of pictures, but not to cure these supposed evils."

Producer Jack L. Warner, vicepresident of Warner Brothers, says: "Only the millenium will free the screen from errors of judgment. The only fair trial of the screen must consider benefit as well as harm. Unluckily, constructive moral forces are hard to measure. I

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believe that for every theater patron who finds and follows a suggestion for a misdeed, there are thousands influenced in the other direction."

And Samuel Goldwyn remarks: "Few people have been more critical than I of Hollywood's deficiencies. But simply to expound on its defects is to do a vast disservice to a medium which has meant much to America and to the world. Despite distortions, inadequacies and inaccuracies in specific photoplays, American pictures as a whole have portrayed to the world the manner in which our way of life functions. I am convinced that American pictures have been—and increasingly will continue to bethe best ambassadors of good will that America can have."

In ADDITION TO FREEING itself of external pressures and censorship, Hollywood needs to air its own self-censorship mechanism, the production code. The recent Commission on Freedom of the Press of the University of Chicago, surveying the movies, came to the conclusion that Hollywood was not entirely competent to regulate itself. It recommended that the screen be guaranteed the same constitutional freedom which safeguards the press, but added that the public should sponsor a national advisory board, representing diverse elements, to propose changes from time to time in the code.

Says Producer Lester Cowan, who made *The Story of GI Joe* and *Tomorrow the World:* "The trouble with the code is that it is not an industry code. It is run by the major companies, but it should be

a code to which every artist and writer in Hollywood subscribes. The code should have a statement of positive principles—morality, peace, internationalism. We have a great responsibility to uplift taste—not to say, 'This is what the public wants.'"

Some movies should be made for specialized audiences, instead of for the least common denominator. If such pictures are made less expensively without high-priced stars, they should fare farther afield.

Producer Walter Wanger, who has made box-office pictures like Trail of the Lonesome Pine and "prestige" films like Blockade, believes that "we need special chains of theaters with low overheads where advanced types of pictures would play to select audiences. Such pictures would be comparable to a limited edition in the book field and would allow thematic and technical advances."

John Ford, director of *The Informer* and *The Grapes of Wrath*, intends to "take real stories and make them as honestly and realistically as we can. We don't intend to make concessions to anyone, least of all to the box office. It is our hope, nonetheless, that our films will prove popular, because we want to stay in business."

And Darryl F. Zanuck, executive producer at Twentieth Century-Fox, holds that movies should deal in more vital subjects. "In addition to producing a rounded program for sheer entertainment, I believe the industry should make a certain number of films that deal with basic social problems. The screen should be articulate and

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forceful, keeping pictures alive to fundamental human problems."

After gathering the above opinions from key Hollywood figures, CORONET invited comment from Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association, who replied as follows:

"Asking 'Are the Movies a Menace?" is like asking 'Is Democracy Obsolescent?" or 'Is Religion Futile?" The ready answer to all three

is one word: No.

"But I am not going to say just 'No' to the question, 'Are the Movies a Menace?' One of the first things I learned in the motion-picture industry is that nobody can ever win an argument about the movies. No two people see any picture in precisely the same way. The reasons are simple:

"First, the motion picture is a medium of entertainment; it is a form of art; its production is a craft and a trade, involving almost every other art, trade, craft and profession; it is an instrument of education and a vehicle of propaganda; it is a business; and it is

an industry.

"Second, the motion picture is a 'mass medium.' The industry is up against the proposition of trying to please everybody. It can only aim at achieving success by making different kinds of pictures. Hence there are as many different kinds of pictures produced as there are various popular tastes.

"In view of the above factors, generalizations that the movies are this or the movies are that are futile. My opinion that a certain picture left me without any feeling is neutralized by the opinion of the

man across the street who went to see the picture twice because it gave him a lift.

"Like steel, textiles and telephones, movies are an industry. Like Macy's and Marshall Field's, movies are a business. The industry manufactures and sells its own wares. Businessmen are in Hollywood, New York and in back of the box offices throughout America and the rest of the world. They produce and sell something the public wants. In the U.S. alone, more than four billion tickets to films were sold last year. Apparently the vast majority of the public liked what it saw on the screens during 1947.

"Yet the motion picture by no means ignores the 'artistic' minority. The industry produces numerous pictures tailored to the desires of this minority. Artistically such productions are a success. But when the count is taken at the box offices, they oftener than not must be checked off to philanthropy.

"There will always be philanthropy of this kind in the film business if the last 50 years can be taken as a criterion for the future. I hope there will be more of it. But the desire of the majority will be reflected in most films so long as the movies remain a free business rather than an endowed—or controlled—work.

"And just what is wrong with slanting the bulk of Hollywood's productions to please the vast majority of the American people? Not in all history has a great mass of people been so innately decent; so devoted to right and so intolerant of wrong; so intelligent and so

thoughtful: so judicial and so discriminating.

"In the motion-picture industry, there is no such thing as complete satisfaction with any product. Whatever its shortcomings, the industry is never static-and properly so. But for my part-insofar as the industry has gone and in light of its promise for the future— I am content with the judgment of its friends. Why? Because there are so many of them!"

On the foregoing pages, you have read the case for and against Hollywood, as well as the movie-makers' own opinions about their product. The relevant facts have been placed on the record, and certain inescapable conclusions may be drawn from them.

Some of Hollywood's influence has been good, some bad. It is likely that at least as much of it has been negative as positive. The record is far from perfect.

Now, what does the film future hold? No one person can say. In our fast-moving world, men and meanings are constantly changing. Other industries, both cultural and commercial, have had to change to keep pace with the shifting scene. It is likely that Hollywood will change too, if not of its own accord then as a result of external forces playing upon it.

One thing appears obvious to all observers: the fact that the screen is a primary cultural influence of our time. It may not be as basic as the actuality of environmentthe school, the street, the homebut its impact is immense. And for this reason, it is encouraging to report that Hollywood today seems to be growing more aware of its responsibilities.

Critics and producers alike are agreed that the movies are a mighty medium, and potentially a forward-looking and democratic one. Yet even as motion pictures reflect the world about them, they also help to condition that world. So the final answer to the question— "Are the Movies a Menace?"might well be this:

Increased awareness and responsibility on the part of Hollywood should not only tend to satisfy the industry's critics, but should also pay off financially and morally throughout the United States and the rest of the world.



Behind in Her Reading

TRAVELER ONE NIGHT found himself obliged to remain in a small town on account of a landslide on the railway, caused by heavy rain which was still falling in torrents. The traveler turned to the waitress with: "This certainly looks like the flood."

"The what?"

"The flood. You've read about the flood, and the ark landing on Mount Ararat, surely."

"Mister," she returned, "I haven't seen a paper for three days."

-Capper's Weekly

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AMERICA'S FAVORITE GAME

As Americans, most of us are practical, levelheaded citizens who don't believe in magic. But let someone shout Play Ball! and our whole world goes spinning. Play Ball!—to every one of us it means only one thing—baseball, the game that has become part and parcel of our national character; urgent, vital, bursting with opti-

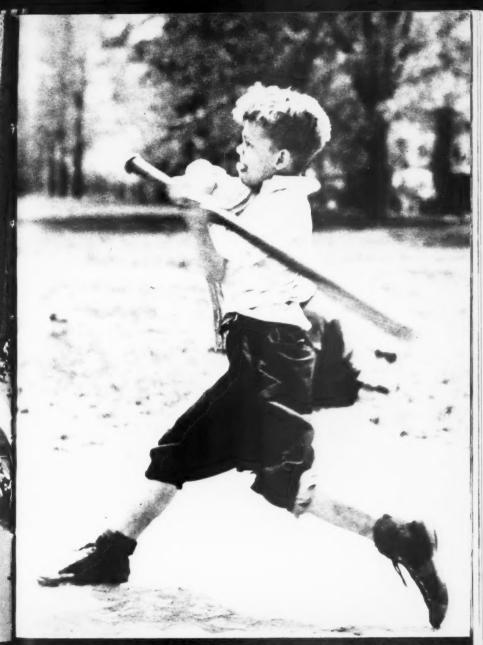
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mism. But even more, baseball reflects our essential youthfulness. Now, on the following pages, Coronet brings you a new and refreshing close-up of our great national pastime. Here, with specially selected photographs, is proof that no matter who you are or where you live, if you're an American, baseball is your game.



From the one-way streets and playgrounds of Manhattan to vacant lots and green valleys in California, summer wings over America to the tune of new baseballs smacking wood and leather...



...and every boy in the land knows it's time to play ball. For baseball is a boy's game, a game with a heart that makes a big-time hero out of any youngster old enough to swing a bat.



Baseball. It touches off a million dreams—somewhere a towheaded kid tosses balls at a barn door: Boy! watch this one. Zing! Right down the alley. Guess that wraps up the old ball game. . .



...and in Texas, Illinois, Oregon, Idaho—on sand-lot diamonds everywhere—husky young sluggers bang them out for Sunday teams. They'd trade food and drink for a chance at big-league ball.



Yes, baseball touches off a million dreams for a million kids: Maybe the big leagues are a thousand miles away. But it could be, yeah, with the breaks, it could be.



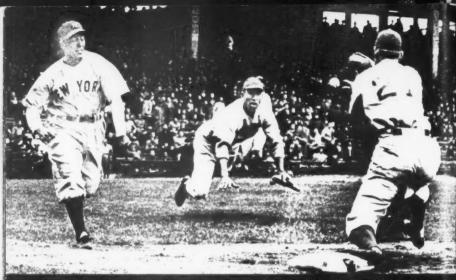
Today, in the ball parks of America's 11 major-league cities, baseball is no dream. It's a solid fact, a multimillion-dollar business with more excitement, more thrills per second than any game in history.



It's the one spectator sport with something for everybody. The tense kid in the sun-baked bleachers is as much of an expert as the old-timer who remembers when Babe Ruth pitched for Boston...



... for this is America's favorite outdoor sport, a big, rollicking Yankeedoodle-dandy of a shindig, where every man has his say.

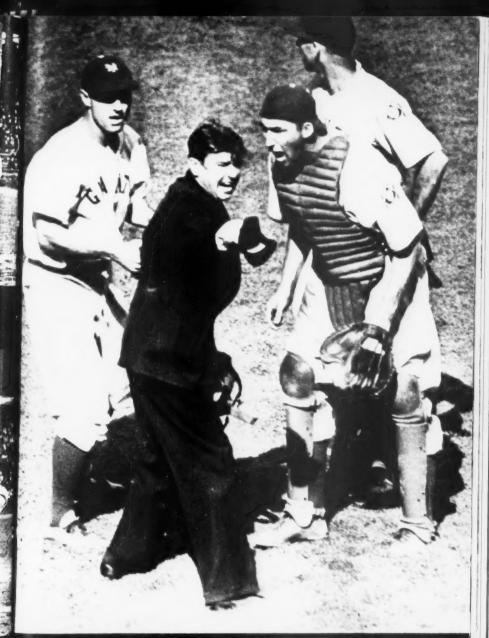


Crowding into major-league stadiums almost daily from mid-April to early fall, thrill-hungry big-league fans demand action. They get it in large, lightning-fast doses, power-packed with continual crisis...





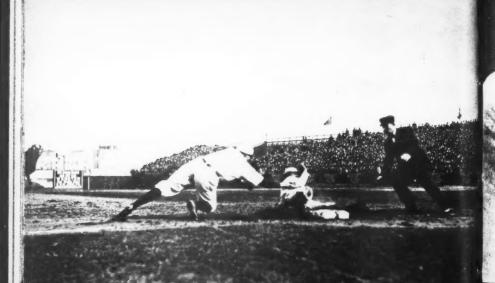
... for along the battle-scarred baselines perfect timing runs neck and neck with flashing danger, and tough-muscled giants keep scoreboards jumping with the results of rapid-fire miracles of grace and agility...



...while in the seething middle of it all stands the umpire. What he says goes—and if there's anybody who doesn't like it—well, that's what makes big-league ball the most exciting sport under the sun.



The whole world knows baseball, but wherever it is played it wears a big, bright label—made in the U.S.A. Every April for more than 100 years, the game has been sprouting a new crop of eager youngsters...



... but the U.S. didn't really begin to sit up and take notice until the coming of the major leagues. By 1900 the National and American Leagues were on their way to glory...



... those were the days when folks were singing Take Me Out to the Ball Game, when the "Ladies Invited" sign was hung up and the hot dog was invented. In the excitement, the Great American Fan was born...



...born, too, was a new pattern of sportsmanship. And with men like Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis (*left*), the game's first commissioner, baseball came of age.





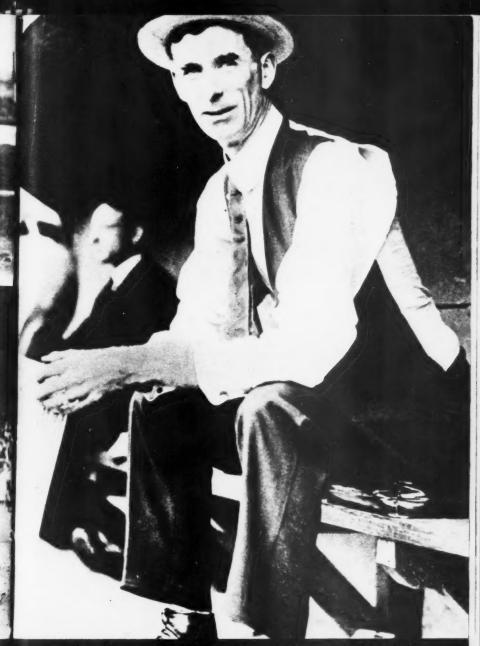
Today, baseball glitters with stars, but old-timers will never forget the early princes of the sport: Frank Chance of the Chicago Cubs; pitcher Christy Mathewson, winner of 37 games for the Giants in 1908...



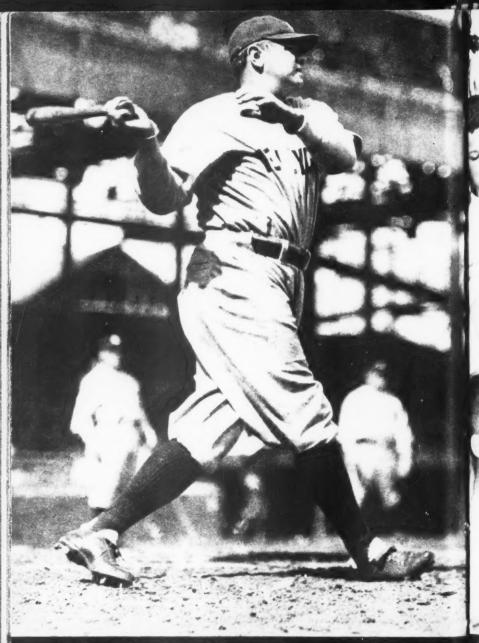


in

...men like Pittsburgh's big, beefy, hard-hitting Hans Wagner, the Flying Dutchman; and the Georgia Peach, Ty Cobb, 24 years with Philadelphia and Detroit...



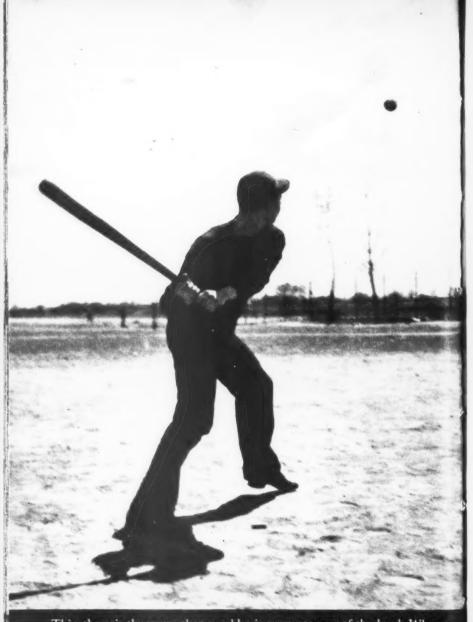
...yet few of yesterday's heroes can match the record of baseball's Grand Old Man—Connie Mack, who started managing the Athletics in 1902 (above) and stretched it into 46 years of devotion to the game.



But the star who will never be forgotten, the name that will never grow dim in baseball's Hall of Fame, is Babe Ruth, the mighty Sultan of Swat...



...for the Babe has been and always will be the diamond's first ambassador to the hearts of America's youngsters. He is forever a big, bold and glittering symbol of major-league ball.



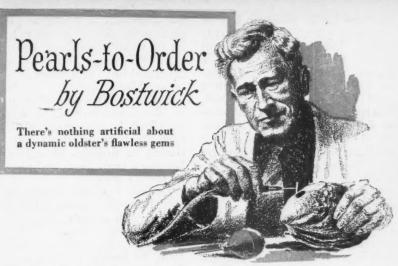
This, then, is the game that sparkles in every corner of the land. When the first pitch rolls out of the spring sky and young hands tighten on the bat, this is what they're driving at. This is America's favorite game.

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by JAMES F. SCHEER

While Most sellers of pearls to the commercial market hire divers to bring up a supply, dynamic 78-year-old La Place Bostwick, of Punta Gorda, Florida, brings up his own.

Bostwick doesn't dive for them. He doesn't have to. He is the only man in history ever to have perfected the technique of growing flawless gem pearls—real pearls—from start to finish. Experts in the United States say that they are often even better than those which grow naturally.

Bostwick's jewels, grown under scientifically controlled conditions, are not to be confused with those of wizened, 90-year-old Japanese Baron Kokichi Mikimoto, mass-producer of culture pearls. Mikimoto's million-dollar industry is almost a production line affair, his workers developing culture pearls in thousands of oysters by in-

serting tiny mother-of-pearl beads.

Bostwick's business is based on ancient knowledge. For thousands of years man has known that a grain of sand or other irritants which drift into a mollusk's shell might create pearly formations and, in exceptional cases, a fine pearl. Bostwick began working from this base, but he soon learned how to achieve excellent results without using a foreign nucleus.

Solely by irritating the spiral of a queen conch with skillfully handled surgical instruments, he started the pearl-making process. After a few years of tending the creature with others in a fenced area of shallow water near Key West, Florida, he opened the conch and found the pride of all his treasures. It was a large, pink, egg-shaped, 43½-grain beauty—almost 11 carats in jewel weight. Collectors throughout the world have offered fabu-

lous sums but he prefers to keep it.

News of this now internationally famous, home-grown gem pearl excited the desires of would-be growers. Many an amateur scientist with get-rich-quick ambitions pried open a reluctant mollusk, chucked in a bit of sand, and prayed. But one of three things happened: (1) the creature died; (2) it lived and produced merely a rough, dirty coating of nacre (mother-of-pearl); (3) a small, imperfect or attached-to-the-shell pearly growth appeared.

Knowing how and where to insert the irritant without creating internal pressure which kills the mollusk is the principal problem in developing culture pearls. Those who gambled for real pearls forgot the grain-of-sand method and probed with scalpels to learn Bostwick's secret. All they had to show for their efforts were dead mollusks, for even if the experimenter is well-versed in margaritology (the science of pearl cultivation) he cannot perform the necessary operation without a highly skilled hand.

When Bostwick began his experiments almost 60 years ago, he had no idea of the many obstacles before him. "But I've always had an urge to do things that others couldn't do," he recalls. "As a youngster, I often watched shellers bringing up mussels from the Mississippi bottom near Muscatine, Iowa. I used to wonder then why the formation of pearls was left purely to chance."

Many times he saw the "shellers" open mussels and find pearly formations — occasionally a perfect pearl. So when he was graduated from high school and enrolled at

the University of Iowa, he had a prime educational purpose: to learn all he could about pearl-growing. h

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In 1893, young Bostwick started experimenting with mussels in a remote Mississippi bayou near Muscatine Island. In fenced-off portions he placed hundreds of live mussels on which he had operated, then carefully observed them and recorded his findings. Meantime he became a pearl buyer and successful jewelry designer.

Despite business success, however, Bostwick was dissatisfied, and his insatiable curiosity about pearlgrowing caused him to stake his life's savings in an all-out effort. In 1908, he bought property on the Iowa River at Iowa City, spending \$25,000 to erect the first laboratory devoted exclusively to margaritology. This 40-by-60-foot, one-story cement structure with star-glass windows-clear to lookers-out but opaque to those trying to look inwas camouflaged with semitropical plants. Residents of the area called the place the "House of Mystery."

Bostwick foresaw every minute detail in his job of duplicating the Iowa River indoors. Knowing the living habits of fresh-water mussels, he gave them everything to make them feel at home. There were artificial waterfalls and fountains to aerate water. He even weighed mud, gravel and sand, and applied the ingredients in the proper Iowabottom portions to the floor of each run.

In August, 1908, the stage was set for his first try at producing culture pearls. Choosing healthy specimens, Bostwick placed them in a flow of water across the operating table. When the shells opened,

he carefully inserted plugs to keep them from closing. Then he anesthetized the specimens and performed the delicate operation of inserting small mother-of-pearl balls.

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Bostwick paced in expectantfather fashion before his tanks of sluggish patients. He slept little and worried much. However, within 14 days the mussels showed a return to normal living habits. At the end of two years Bostwick reaped a small harvest of perfect ball pearls.

What fascinated him more than the growing of pearls was learning each minute detail regarding the formation of the wondrous round gems. A mollusk secretes a fluid called nacre, which hardens and becomes its protective shell and home. Oysters, mussels, abalones and conches, being allergic to rough surfaces, consequently build smooth and shinv shell walls.

Any irritant that enters the shell and contacts the delicate skin-a grain of sand, a bit of wood—starts an automatic flow of nacre. If the animal cannot get rid of the particle, he builds his comfort around it. Dab after dab, the mollusk ap-

plies nacre to the irritant.

The foreign particle, round or irregular, keeps shifting, turning with every muscular movement. Though exceedingly thin, each dab of nacre has an edge that irritates, causing more flow. Slowly the animal builds an entire pearl as the irritant turns and is covered patch by patch with nacre. The pearl's beauty is attributed to the shinglelike application of thousands of semitransparent dabs of nacre, often too small to be seen without a microscope.

Bostwick learned this step-by-

step process by developing culture pearls early in his career, thus acquiring the invaluable information that enables him to grow real pearls today. Using specially designed instruments, Bostwick now irritates the right spot in the specimen's anatomy, causing a slight flow of nacre. The operation is so complicated and demands such finesse that it might well cause a surgeon to stop and wonder. No grain of sand, no small particle of any kind, is necessary. Surgery causes the animal to create its own nucleus. Hence the gem is all pearl from start to finish.

Commercial buyers, aware of Bostwick's fine work, have backed other margaritologists, but so far results have been disappointing. For this reason, and because Bostwick's conch pearls are rare beauties, buyers throughout the world call for his products, some of which he sells. He could have become a millionaire several times over if money had been his chief aim in life.

"There are always so many new things to learn in the lab that I haven't the time nor the inclination to become wealthy," he says.

TT IS USUALLY NOT DIFFICULT for experts to distinguish a genuine pearl from a cultured one. A real pearl when held up to bright light is more translucent than the cultured variety. Furthermore, a cultured pearl rarely duplicates the multiple possibilities of light-wave reflection from the various depths and minute patches of nacre. The real gem has rich luster, great depth and a fine texture, and is unbelievably lovely in color.

The price of pearls, of course, is

determined by excellence, perfection of shape, color, texture, luster and depth (or "orient"). The price of a fine pearl weighing 20 grains would be computed by taking the square of the weight—say 20 times 20. If the rate per grain is \$5, the price is \$2,000.

Bostwick has written much about pearls—he is at work on a book now and enjoys taking an occasional poke at popular notions about his

favorite gems.

"There's a legend that Cleopatra, trying to win Marc Antony, dissolved a fine pearl in a potent drink and served it to him," he says. "Cleopatra must have been a sleight-of-hand artist or Antony's eyes were dulled by drink. Even if Cleopatra had gone to the trouble of beating the pearl to powder and trying to dissolve it in vinegar, the process would have taken two weeks. And I doubt whether Marc would have sat out one drink quite that long!"

La Place Bostwick, jaunty and sunburned, is still a youth in the spirit of exploration, experiment and adventure. Somewhere near Key West, he is now working to produce rare golden pearls of rich luster, perfect shape and wondrous texture, which will have agents of Indian princes, world royalty and multimillionaires stumbling over one another with bids for Bostwick's jewels. Some he may sell in order to maintain himself and his work. Others he will no doubt want to keep as lustrous reminders of his progress in scientific experiment.

Already Bostwick has grown pearls of breath-taking beauty never even imagined in *Arabian Nights* tales. They are all colors—white, yellow, brown, black, and every shade of green and blue. Yet, far from satisfied, he is trying to make his many individual living-pearl manufacturers produce an even

finer golden pearl.

He seriously doubts, however, whether he will ever be quite satisfied. For if that day should ever come, he will have lost his irrepressible zest for experimenting. And to Bostwick, experimenting is the same as living.

Words and Meanings



Here is a list of the most expressive words in the English language, according to Dr. Wilfred Funk, lexicographer and dictionary publisher:

The most bitter is "alone."

The most reverend is "mother."
The most tragic is "death."
The saddest is "forgotten."
The most beautiful, "love."
The most cruel, "revenge."
The warmest word is "friend-hip."
The coldest is "no."

The most peaceful is "tranquillity."

JULY



Guest editor of this month's Quick Quiz is dark-haired Irene Beasley, singing star and mistress of ceremonies for the "Grand Slam" program (CBS, Mon.-Fri., 11:30-11:45 AM, EST). She began her radio career in 1928 and a year later became a featured network singer with CBS.

I'd like to put some of my favorite radio puzzlers to you, so try your skill on the following questions. If you answer each set of five questions correctly, it's a "Grand Slam". Count 10 points for each correct answer in each group, with a bonus of 50 if all five are right. Answers are on page 142.

J Memory Test

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Someone once said: "I don't care what you say about me, but spell my name right." Well, some songs might say, "I don't care if you sing off key, but use the right words." To test your memory, which is the correct word:

- 1. Oh say, does that star-spangled banner (still, yet) wave.
- 2. We will sing one song for (my, the) Old Kentucky Home.
- 3. O give me a home where the (buffalo, buffaloes) roam.
- Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will (pledge, drink) with mine.
- 5. Sweet and Low, Wind of the (western, eastern) sea.

Can you replace the phony word with the genuine in these lyrics?

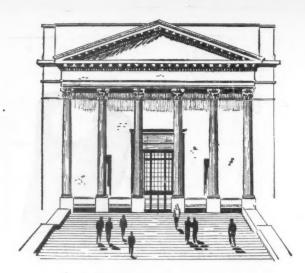
Phony Words

- 1. Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true.
- 2. I saw an orange blossom wedding.
- 3. When the sparrows come back to Capistrano.
- Across the river from the Alamo Lived a pinto pony and a Navajo.
- 5. Roses are flow'ring in Araby.

THidden Instruments

In the following children's stories what instruments are used?

- In "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," what instrument is played by the Owl?
- 2. What instrument is used in "Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the ______"?
- 3. In "Jack and the Beanstalk," the giant played what instrument?
- 4. "Little Boy Blue" used which instrument?
- What did Old King Cole call for besides his "pipe" and his "bowl"?



Philadelphia's PUSH-BUTTON MUSEUM

by CAROL LYNN GILMER

There's nothing stuffy about the Franklin Institute; dedicated to the proposition that science can be fun, its fascinating exhibits bear no forbidding "Hands Off!" signs. For here is a dream-cometrue, a magic world where small fry are encouraged to learn for themselves what makes things go.

WHEN A SMALL BOY passes through the doors of the Franklin Institute's "push-button museum" in Philadelphia, he enters a magic world more amazing than the never-never land of comic books. Here is one storehouse of knowledge run on the principle that

science is fun. Even though maintained by one of the world's foremost scientific institutions, the imposing stone building attracts the same kind of visitors who enjoy penny arcades and carnivals.

Unlike patrons in the usual "Hands Off!" museum, the customers at Franklin, particularly small fry, are urged to touch, feel, try—and, though they may not realize it, to learn in the process. Here are a few of the things you can do in one afternoon at the museum:

Climb into the cab of a real 350ton locomotive, pull the throttle and make it move along several feet
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feet of track; perform chemical experiments by pushing a button; sit in a pilot trainer and test your flying skill; listen to yourself on the telephone; and even fulfill a suppressed desire to turn in a fire alarm on the boxes exhibited there for

that purpose.

"You have to get people used to the idea that they're here to have fun," says one of the friendly guards at the Franklin Institute. "They've always thought of museums as stuffy places, where attendants sometimes make you feel as though you were about to steal

a priceless exhibit."

Once accustomed to the scarcity of "Please Do Not Touch" signs, most visitors agree with Franklin Institute's director, Dr. Henry B. Allen, who believes the best way to keep the public informed on scientific achievements is to let people find out for themselves "what makes things go."

For example, the combining of hydrogen and oxygen to form water is a miracle which nature performs every minute of the day. If you push the right button in the chemistry hall at Franklin Institute, you can do it yourself. Simple as it is, this is one of the most popular (and one of the noisiest) exhibits.

The push button completes an electric circuit which causes water to decompose. Hydrogen and oxygen bubble away in glass tubes. A minute or so later, enough hydrogen has accumulated for the electric spark to create an explosion, in which the two gases are reunited to form water again.

Small boys love the "Bang!" which accompanies the explosion, and girls let out squeals of awe. They stand there for many moments witnessing one of nature's miracles presented in such a way that they probably won't forget it.

Also on display is a miniature model showing the production processes in the petroleum industry. Crude oil flows up from far "underground" into storage tanks. The observer can watch its progress through the cracking and refining processes into gasoline, heating oil and other products. This displayis so faithful to the real thing that it has been used as an animated text for courses in engineering.

A popular exhibit with adults is the "Driverater" which measures driving skill. Here, a visitor gets behind the wheel of a real car while on a screen before him is flashed a motion picture of a road. The illusion is perfect. The driver seems to be driving along the road, through towns and open country, up hills and around curves, in glaring sunlight and patchy shade.

Cars dart out in front; pedestrians appear when least expected. Meanwhile a mechanical brain is recording the speed and timing of the driver's reactions to each major or minor crisis he encounters. Every error is noted automatically, and when the driver has finished his imaginary trip, he is handed a neatly marked "report card."

In the pilot trainer, the visitor enjoys a similarly accurate appraisal of his flying aptitude. The Voice Mirror, popular with young and old alike, allows the visitor to hear himself on the phone. He speaks into a receiver, pushes a button, and the phone talks back to himin his own voice.

Another push button produces

frighteningly real man-made lightning; in still another exhibit, a scale-model yacht, operated by radio control, maneuvers on a parlor-size "ocean."

But the top attraction for the younger generation is the giant Baldwin locomotive, which was brought into the Institute through a hole left in the wall for that purpose when the building was constructed in the 1930s. Armand Spitz, director of the Institute's Education Department, describes the average boy's reaction when he pulls the throttle that starts the mammoth locomotive moving.

"The youngster really imagines himself driving the engine," Spitz says. "The gleam in his eyes is that of a real engineer looking down the tracks as the locomotive runs along

at a terrific clip."

Considering the appeal of such dream-come-true exhibits, it isn't surprising that children comprise the greater part of the museum's visitors. And museum officials encourage this. A small admission fee was set when the museum opened in 1934, not only to help maintain the museum but also to keep out the idly curious. However, school children have always been admitted free, and many special tours are conducted for student groups.

The Institute's educational section is almost a part of Philadelphia's city school system. Special teachers work with Franklin staff members to plan new methods of teaching science in the schools. And the Institute broadcasts two radio programs into science classrooms

every week.

Philadelphia's push-button museum, although it operates along unusual lines, makes no claim to being unique. But it is the oldest museum of its type in the country, and has served as a model for others—Chicago and New York now have similar institutions.

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Actually, the museum is only one of many functions carried on by the Franklin Institute, a venerable scientific body founded more than 100 years ago, just as the Industrial Revolution was changing manufacturing processes from hand labor

to machinery.

In 1820, 19-year-old Samuel Vaughan Merrick, later to become first president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, accepted an offer of a partnership in a small industrial plant which manufactured fire engines. But when young Merrick started looking for a school which could give him the kind of technical training he needed, he soon discovered that none existed.

The upshot was that in 1824 he and William H. Keating, chemistry professor at the University of Pennsylvania, formed a society for the promotion of mechanic arts. In honor of Benjamin Franklin, another scientific New Englander who adopted Philadelphia as his home town, they named their society the Franklin Institute.

The variety and significance of services performed by the Institute in the ensuing years make an impressive record. No research project was too large or too small for the Institute to tackle. Its contributions have ranged all the way from the introduction of ice-cream sodas (at the Institute's 50th-anniversary exhibit in 1874) to valuable research

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Throughout its history, Franklin Institute has shown the same zeal for demonstrating the application of science to everyday life which characterized Benjamin Franklin. A list of the Institute's accomplishments reads like a chronology of man's advancement.

It was among the first to forecast weather as an aid to agriculture. In 1864, the government accepted its recommendations for national standards of uniform threads for screws, bolts and nuts, without which our modern system of interchangeable machine parts would collapse. Its official *Journal* printed the first scientific explanations in America of the talking machine, Bessemer steel and electric welding.

But of all the Institute's proud achievements, Benjamin Franklin would probably approve of none so heartily as the push-button museum dedicated to the proposition that science is fun. After all, Franklin himself proved this to the satisfaction of all schoolboys when he first demonstrated that lightning and electricity are one and the same thing—by flying a kite!

Kindness Costs So Little

A LL OF US CAN GIVE appreciation, kindness, interest, loyalty, understanding, encouragement, tolerance—and a score of other little portions of ourselves. Each of us should "major" in the items in which we are "long," and fill in with the others. Suppose I am passing a neighborhood store in which I notice a particularly attractive window display. I say to myself, "Someone put real thought into trimming that window, and he or

she ought to know that at least one passerby appreciates it." So I stop in, ask for the manager, and compliment him on the display.

I find it always pleases a merchant to know that his windows are noticed, even though I may not buy a penny's worth of the merchandise displayed in them. In one instance the clerk who trimmed the windows I praised received a raise in pay as a result of my compliment.



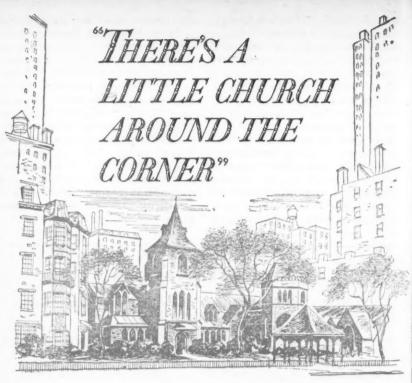
ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON I fell to thinking of an elderly gentleman in failing health whom I had not seen for a long time. "Why not surprise him by calling him up?" I asked myself.

"I was thinking of you and I wanted to have a little chat," I explained to the old man when he

came to the phone. He was delighted, and we had an enjoyable five-minute visit.

His wife told me a few days later that my call had done more for him than a whole bottle of tonic. "You know," she explained, "the telephone almost never rings for him any more."

-Try Giving Yourself Away, by DAVID DUNN



by MARTIN ABRAMSON

Nestled among New York's offices and factories is a tiny house of worship whose destiny is linked with that of the American theater

EARLY ON THE MORNING of December 22, 1870, a bushybrowed, bow-tied little man raced along New York's Madison Avenue and up the steps of a large church aglow with Yuletide decorations. He was Joseph Jefferson, leading comedian of the American stage in an era when actors were regarded as persons of dubious quality.

Jefferson's knuckles rapped a tat-

too on the church door. "If you please," he said as the rector appeared, "I'd like to arrange funeral services for my friend and fellowactor, George Holland. He died last night."

"An actor?" said the rector. "I'm sorry. We don't take actors."

"Wait!" shouted the comedian at a closing door. "Where, then, on God's earth may an actor get a Christian burial?"

"Well," said the pastor "there's a little church around the corner which might take him."

Jefferson ran around the corner

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and burst into the office of the Rev. George Hendrick Houghton, founder and first rector of the Church of

the Transfiguration.

"Can my actor-friend be buried from here?" he asked. The bearded minister looked up in surprise. "I only know that your friend is dead and that my services are asked. That is enough."

"Then God bless the little church around the corner!" Jefferson ex-

claimed devoutly.

In the 100-year-old record of the Little Church Around the Corner* (the newspapers popularized that name in reporting the funeral story and it has been in use ever since), the Jefferson benediction remains the most-remembered event, for no other blessing invoked by a mere layman has ever borne such fruit. Today, the Little Church is perhaps America's most famous place of worship: it plays host to leading figures of the theater, is a magnet for countless sight-seers and, above all, is a marriage mecca which draws thousands of brides and grooms to its flower-bedecked altar.

More than 125,000 couples have taken their final vows on East 29th Street, where the Little Church nestles in strange pastoral seclusion among acres of factory and office buildings. The young lady who won the honor of being the church's first bride back in 1850—her name was Serena Keeler—has already had 54 descendants tied to the Little Church by marriage or baptismal

ceremonies.

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Dr. Randolph Ray, the church's third rector, has performed 50,000 weddings during his 25 years of

service—a record unequaled in this country. In June, when the sunshine spreads a carpet of dancing light down the middle aisle, the crush of brides is so great that the rector, who still has his other duties to attend to, finds himself virtually padlocked to his altar. In fact, this famous church is believed to be the only one in the world with an alumni group, made up of thousands of wedding graduates knitted together as "The Family of the Little Church Around the Corner."

Even as college alumni send their children back to Alma Mater to study, so these church alumni send their offspring back to take their vows where mother and father took theirs. Couples have come from places as far off as Switzerland, Honolulu, Argentina and Italy, and squealing babies have been bundled onto ships at ports like Manila, Le Havre and Southampton, en route to East 29th Street for baptismal ceremonies. Recently a couple came all the way from Australia with their three children, whose baptisms had been delayed pending their parents' opportunity to take ship to New York.

"We'll be back when the first child decides to get married," the youngsters' mother told the rector by way of good-bye.

PARADOXICALLY, THE CHURCH that is No. 1 on America's wedding list is also the most difficult one in which to enter wedlock. It won't marry elopers, divorced people or persons under 22 who lack parental blessings. And every couple is ques-

tioned closely by the rector before he consents to tie the knot. In one year, nearly 1,000 applications were

^{*}See From Small Beginnings, Coronet, Nov. 1946

turned down because Dr. Ray felt the couples did not show evidence

of "real sincerity."

During the war, when countless young couples were marrying in haste, the rector was under constant pressure to relax the Little Church's strict requirements. But he stood firm, and the records show that, almost without exception, the servicemen who did marry there took sweethearts of long standing as their brides.

"The cure for marital troubles," says the tall, benign, 61-year-old rector, "is not easy divorce but hard marriage. We ask couples how long they've known each other, whether they've met one another's families, whether they understand

what marriage means.

"You don't practice a professional career unless you've trained for it. To me, marriage is the most im-

portant career of all.

"Lately I had a pair who told me they were getting married only because convention demanded it. If they found they didn't care for one another, then they'd call the thing off. They were gambling on the Little Church's record of successful marriages, but they didn't have any intention of consciously trying to make their marriage work. So I refused to perform the ceremony."

Despite this penchant for counseling against marriage when necessary, Dr. Ray has been known on occasion to prod a tarrying couple into taking their vows without undue delay. In the rare instances that he does crack the whip, it's generally because a possessive mother has infiltrated the marital situation.

"Some mothers," the minister explains, "are so determined to keep their sons tied to their apron strings that they think nothing of wrecking a fine marriage."

Recently, a young woman came in tears to the Little Church. Her marriage had to be postponed because her prospective mother-in-law had become ill when she learned the date for the ceremony had been set. The son had agreed to postponement because he was afraid of injuring his mother's health.

"She's not sick," the clergyman snapped. "She's just acting. Be here with your license tomorrow and I'll marry you as soon as you come in."

He did, even though the mother's strident sobbing could be heard during the ceremony. After the wedding she told the rector: "You've ruined my life!"

"Just let the young couple alone," Dr. Ray replied, "and you'll all be

better off."

The Legend which insists that the Little Church is protected by destiny from misadventure is abetted by a number of cherished events. Back in Civil War days, New York was the scene of an insensate racial outbreak, with a bloodthirsty, Negro-hating mobrunning rampant through the city. Finally the rioters bore down on the Little Church, a sanctuary for Negroes fleeing the reign of terror. Somebody advised Dr. Houghton to sacrifice his charges in order to save the church.

"They'll never enter here," he

calmly answered.

"What's to stop 'em?"

"The altar of God," was the rector's reply.

Then he stood in front of the outer fence, held up a crucifix and warned the angry mob to disperse; a few minutes later they broke ranks and the riot was over.

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Modern-day members of the parish like to talk of the elm-tree incident in 1944. The last of the giant English elms in the courtvard was uprooted by a hurricane. As the towering tree began to topple, it faced toward the quaint old lich gate, a medieval type of stone structure which is one of the church's most distinguished landmarks.

"Our gate will be demolished!" Mary Hanlon, the church's secretary, cried out to Dr. Ray.

"Don't worry," he replied. "The

angels will hold it up."

And indeed, as the elm toppled toward the old gate, it seemed to pause in mid-air and then crash to the ground, yards away from the beloved landmark.

The world of the theater has been linked to this tiny house of worship ever since the Jefferson incident spread its story to every stage in the country. From 1870 onward, the most prominent parish members have been leading lights of Broadway. Old-time stars included luminaries like Mary Shaw, John Drew and Edwin Booth. Present-day members include Cornelia Otis Skinner, Charles Coburn, Walter Hampden, Raymond Massey, José Ferrer and Peggy Wood.

The most beautiful stained-glass windows in the nave—a "must" attraction for sight-seers-include portraits of deceased actors like Otis Skinner, Drew and Jefferson.

Once, when the church was pressed for funds, a note appeared in the Dramatic News, a stage publication, mentioning the dilemma. The response from actors all over

the country was immediate, and the contributions were so great they embarrassed the rector. One of the largest donations came from Mrs. Catherine Holland, widow of the actor whose burial had brought the church to public attention.

The Episcopal Actors Guild. which performs charitable work for needy actors of all faiths, has its national headquarters in the church offices and Dr. Ray serves as its vice-president and warden. As an actor's clergyman, the rector has always been close to the stage, never missing an opening night until his wife died some years back. Theatrical personalities stream in and out of the upstairs Guild Hall, a room bedecked with ancient programs, playbills and tableau curtains, and used as the Guild's main office as well as a teatime setting where stars discuss the latest Broadway news.

Noted physicians, political leaders, sportsmen and writers have also left their mark on the Little Church's history. The great O. Henry used the church as a setting for many of his tales and was finally buried from there in a ceremony which had the unusual twist common to his story endings. On his deathbed, he asked his doctor to raise his pillow so that he could see light.

"I don't want to go home in the dark," he murmured.

As the coffin was being carried from the church next day, a gay wedding party bore down on East 29th Street. Suddenly the rector realized that, by error, he had scheduled the O. Henry funeral and the wedding for the same time! A member of the funeral party ran to the bride to turn her away until the cortege had moved from sight.

O. Henry's pallbearers, mostly fellow writers, recognized that this was the sort of story twist that would have piqued the author's fancy. As the hearse reached the church, a wave of sunlight had indeed crossed his final path, just as he had wished. And strangely, a blanket of clouds crossed the sky as the wedding ceremony began.

The present rector, who was successively a Mississippi chicken farmer, a lawyer and a reporter for the Brooklyn Eagle before turning to the Episcopal ministry, welcomes people of all faiths, and prominent Catholics and Jews are listed as warm friends of the parish. When Daniel Frohman, the Broadway producer, was dying some years ago, he told Dr. Ray that he wanted his funeral to be held only at the Little Church. And so it happened

that a rabbi and a priest assisted Dr. Ray in an inter-faith ceremony, witnessed by almost all the great names of the theater.

Since that day in 1848 when the Little Church first opened a 70-by-35-foot building in a setting of rural isolation, it has grown to five times its original size and has incorporated three chapels into its multicolored nave. Today, it is a miniature of Gothic architecture wedged into a cloistered green garden by the roaring Industrial Age which jostles it from all sides.

When an attempt was made recently to have it follow the lead of other churches and move uptown, the idea was emphatically spurned by both rector and parish. Even though the spires of business keep growing around it, the Little Church insists on remaining on its original plot—just around the corner.



Wise and Otherwise

Laurels have a habit of dropping when you try to rest on them!

—Drew Pearson

She learned to say things with her eyes that others waste time putting into words.

—COREY FORD

Overheard: "My dear, she's the sort of woman who always enters a room voice first."

-Tit-Bits, London

The test of good manners is being able to put up pleasantly with bad ones.

—BETTY BARTHOLOMEW

Nothing is particularly hard if divided into small jobs.

—The Gates Way

Some girls show distinction—or should one say distinctly?—in their clothes.

—Duncan Caldwell

All magicians agree that highly intelligent persons are the most easily deceived. —FRED C. KELLY

A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman, of the next generation. —James Freeman Clarke

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Saga of the Midnight Melody

Here is the haunting story of two friends, a song, and a 50-year graveyard tryst

by CHARLES KESSLER

A FTER 50 YEARS, the lilting strains of Lass O'Galway no longer will be played at midnight of St. Patrick's Day over the grave of Tom Hannahoe. Death has intervened to end one of the strangest pacts ever made.

In 1897, Alvah O. Schaeffer, young cornetist, stopped at Hannahoe's hotel in Reading, Pennsylvania. The genial proprietor saw the cornet and asked his friend to entertain. When Schaeffer played Lass O'Galway, Hannahoe wept.

"That's the first time I've heard that song since I left Ireland," he said. "Al, my boy, if I die before you, play it over my grave at midnight every St. Patrick's Day."

The pair shook hands to seal the pact. Two months later Hannahoe was dead. At midnight of St. Patrick's Day, 1898, Schaeffer stood at the grave, lifted his cornet and played Hannahoe's favorite piece. Then, as a reverent gesture, he played Nearer My God to Thee. A small group of Hannahoe's friends witnessed the tryst.

News of the event spread in Reading, and by 1902 the serenade had become a custom. People flocked to the little graveyard to see the noted musician fulfill his "obligation." In the years that followed,

regardless of rain, cold or snow, Schaeffer was always there.

In 1917, Schaeffer became so ill with rheumatism that he had to set aside his beloved cornet. Yet, still faithful to his pact, he appeared at midnight March 17 and played with crippled fingers. Then, sadly, he told his friends: "I don't think I'll be able to play again."

But he did play again. Although he could hardly move his fingers, he came the following year, and police were called out to handle the big crowd. His illness, however, finally forced him to abandon the cornet, and for some years the serenade was discontinued.

Finally, in 1930, R. Elmer Addis, a music teacher, volunteered to play in Schaeffer's stead. And so, with 5,000 spectators watching, the strange pact was resumed. Schaeffer, now 64, held a flashlight on the sheet music as the cornet filled the air with Lass O'Galway.

Five years later, Addis recruited three students to form a quartet for the traditional serenade. When Schaeffer died at 81, a week before St. Patrick's Day in 1947, the quartet played without him. And in final tribute to the devotion of a musician for his friend, they concluded with Auld Lang Syne.



The Mad Wolf of Dakota

How a crafty killer became a legend of the West in his 13-year reign of terror

In the Northwestern corner of South Dakota, the sheepherders and ranch hands still talk in hushed tones about Three Toes, the Killer. In all the annals of the West, there is no other gray wolf that killed more cleverly or that was more difficult to capture.

In the recorded years of Three Toes' marauding career, while escaping guns, poison and traps, he managed to slaughter enough horses, cattle and sheep to add up to the

amazing total of \$50,000.

Three Toes, so the old-timers of Harding County will tell you even today, did not kill for food; he killed for the pure love of killing, plus, perhaps, a desire for vengeance against his two-legged enemies. For 13 years he managed to elude the best shots, the fastest hunters, the most skillful poisoners. But in the end, it was sex that brought him low, and enabled a quiet, soft-spoken trapper to write finis to the big wolf's long and bloody career.

In 1912, Three Toes was just

another gray wolf running with the pack in the Dakota sheep and cattle country. He had attained full growth and strength, but still had things to learn about traps. In that year, near the Anderson ranch, he lost a toe in the jaws of a steel trap. This crippled him and he was dropped from the pack. Never again did he seek the company of his own kind. From this time on, he was an outlaw.

He began his bloody depredations by killing, in one night, 35 sheep in three separate bands. He ate part of one, left the others untouched. Two weeks later, in the same neighborhood, he killed a horse and two steers. This was something new. Men who claimed to know the habits of predators said that a lone gray wolf, unless pressed by extreme hunger, rarely attempted to kill grown stock. Yet the facts were plain in the evidence left by Three Toes' tracks.

Ranchers knew that Three Toes would strike again. They knew by his clean, swift work that the big th

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wolf was a killer. Slaughtered sheep looked as if they had fallen asleep. Hamstrung steers, with neatly slit throats, had scarcely put up a struggle. A reward was posted at the county courthouse offering a bounty of \$50 to the man who brought in the wolf, dead or alive.

Ten days later, as if to show his disdain for such doings, Three Toes visited a ranch in the dead of night. killed the rancher's dog, then leaped a wire fence into a bunch of pedigreed rams and slaughtered an even

dozen, valued at \$30 each.

Every sheepherder keeping a lonely vigil over his flocks set out traps for Three Toes. Every stockman carried a rifle when riding out to visit his herds. Up until now, no one had ever laid eyes on the killer. There were some who thought he was too smart for a gray wolf. They said: "Wait till the snow comes."

The snow came, made to order for tracking. They found imprints of the big wolf, and three men with rifles and wire cutters took off on horses. All that morning they rode hard, cutting fences as they came to them. At noon they stopped at a ranch house. After eating, they took off on fresh horses.

Studying Three Toes' tracks, the men saw that he had picked up a jack rabbit for his own lunch. Then he had gone to a hilltop near the ranch and there, while keeping an eye on his pursuers, had rested until the men again took up the trail.

The hunters drove him 70 miles that day. Several times they caught a glimpse of the big gray animal, but always the wolf managed to keep just beyond rifle range. When darkness came, the men put up at another ranch for the night.

In the morning, Three Toes' tracks told another story. He had gone without food and spent the night resting on a high bluff, keeping an eye on the ranch house. This day. Three Toes wore out three relays of fresh mounts and riders. In the late afternoon the snow melted and the men were forced to give up the chase. In the two days, the men estimated, Three Toes had covered 185 miles and, at the end, he was still carrying his tail over his back.

Two days later, a veteran hunter arrived from a neighboring county. He hunted with three breeds of dogs. Bloodhounds did the trailing; Russian wolfhounds brought the quarry to bay; husky Airedales were brought in to make the kill. It looked good on paper. Soon after the wolfer's arrival, Three Toes obligingly killed a fat steer.

When the bloodhounds picked up the trail, Three Toes adopted new tactics; but in spite of neat tricks like swimming creeks and bolting over high ridges he was unable to shake his new adversaries. In a fast lope he took off for the Little Missouri River. Here, coming to a bank 25 feet high, he deliberately threw himself off into space.

What happened next, or how much of the sequence was a planned strategy worked out in the big animal's mind, can only be conjectured. The bloodhounds were not fast, they were not crowding him, but he must have felt that there was something relentless, something annoyingly persistent, in the way they held to his trail.

After making the leap, Three Toes waited at the base of the cliff. At the end of the long sprint to the river, the hounds were strung out; they were no longer traveling together in a trouble-dealing pack. Three Toes was more than a match for a single dog, but his intelligence may have enabled him to figure another advantage. Any hound reckless enough to go over the top would momentarily, at least, have the wind knocked out and be at a disadvantage.

The lead hound, an eager young dog, was first to reach the high bank. Without waiting for the others, he went over. Three Toes cut him to shreds where he fell.

Three Toes may have waited for the others, or he may have plunged into the turbulent river and crossed into Montana. The other hounds, with less ardor and saner judgment, did not jump. The wolfer found them milling about in confusion, and gathering up what was left of the pack, he loaded them into his truck and headed for home. Three Toes had won again.

NEXT SPRING, THE WOLF was back in Harding County, but no longer traveling alone. He had taken a mate, and the pair announced their presence by killing a prime steer in the Anderson herd.

County supervisors increased the bounty on Three Toes' head: they called in an expert with poisons. He said that Three Toes and his mate would be back to feast on the steer, so strychnine capsules were embedded in the remains.

The wolves came back, as the expert had predicted, but they did not go near the bait. Rain fell that night and fresh tracks indicated that they had sat off at a distance to watch a coyote die in agony after eating the poisoned meat.

For three more weeks the expert worked in vain. Then, one morning while he and two companions were making the rounds, they found Three Toes' mate dead. At her side was a poisoned bait.

The men were still examining the animal when Three Toes appeared, a couple of hundred yards away. All the men carried rifles, all were expert shots. Eighteen bullets laced into the sage and grass. Belly flat to the ground, Three Toes zigzagged out of gunshot. It was close, but this time, too, he made good his escape.

Now the men of Harding County began to tell tall tales about the phenomenal gray wolf. One story said that Three Toes had killed a yearling heifer and carried it half a mile before sampling the kill. Another told of his uncanny ability to spring a trap by reaching a foot—one with a missing toe—beneath the steel jaws and pulling the trigger.

Such tales were mostly fantasy, yet there were men who insisted that neither traps, poison nor guns would ever put an end to the big predator's career. Luck—that was the explanation. They maintained that Three Toes led a charmed life. No one credited the animal with the rare ability to learn from a single experience, a feat rare enough in most men.

In 1923, Three Toes killed \$12,-000 worth of sheep, cattle and horses. The county supervisors, most of whom were ranchers themselves, grew desperate. Three Toes was getting on in years, but he still killed for the love of killing. One night, as if to show what he might accomplish, he crushed the skulls

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of 26 lambs between his powerful laws, leaving hardly a puncture mark in the hides.

Rewards for the wolf's capture were increased to \$1,000. Every sheepman urged his herders to set out traps; every cowhand carried a rifle on his saddle. But there were no results. Consistently, Three Toes managed to take a tribute of around a thousand dollars a month.

In 1925, CLYDE BRIGGS, a professional trapper employed by what was then called the U.S. Biological Survey, a government service for controlling predators, was given the job of ending Three Toes' career. Possessing an extensive knowledge of wolf psychology, Clyde disdained poison baits and dogs. His chief piece of equipment, aside from traps, was a high-wheeled truck that scarcely knew the feel of a highway.

For two weeks, Clyde studied Three Toes' habits. He learned that the big wolf still worked as a lone killer but that he had company not of his own choosing—a pack of coyotes were trailing the big leader to gorge themselves on his leavings. This complicated matters, since it would be difficult to prevent the coyotes from getting into traps put out for Three Toes.

Measurements of the killer's tracks convinced Briggs that Three Toes weighed 75 pounds. "But he's no different from other gray wolves," said Clyde, "except a little smarter, maybe. I expect to take him by the same methods I use to take others."

If genius consists in an infinite capacity for taking pains, Clyde's methods put him in that category.

As a starter, he put out 14 sets, each requiring two hours of painstaking labor. All traps were first boiled in water containing sage leaves and oak bark, next were dipped into hot paraffin to seal in stray odors, and after that were not touched by hands. No baits were used, but all sets were "trail sets," placed in districts through which the wolf was likely to travel.

In making a set, Clyde knelt on a wolfskin, wrapped strips of the same about his shoes, and wore gloves boiled in the same solution used to de-scent the traps. The sets were carefully covered with sand common to the surroundings, and all marks were erased by stroking the ground with a turkey wing car-

ried for that purpose.

To abate the coyote nuisance, Clyde made two lateral sets on each side of those placed for the big wolf. The line of traps was 35 miles long and Clyde's schedule called for a daily round of visits in the truck, but all sets were observed from the greatest possible distance and were not approached unless they held something or were in some way molested.

In the first few days, he caught a mixed bag of dogs, coyotes, skunks and jack rabbits. Three Toes turned the traps over at one set, carefully avoided the others. Clyde put out more traps, using even greater care.

The second week brought results. One set held a gray wolf, a female in heat, and on the night of the catch she had been traveling with Three Toes. For Clyde, this was the first break. He removed the sex glands from the dead wolf and rescented all the old sets.

Next morning, Clyde started out

earlier than usual. So sure was he that Three Toes had been caught that he invited two men from the ranch where he stayed to accompany him in the truck. The first three sets were duds, but at the fourth they found Three Toes with one front foot and one hind foot caught in the relentless steel jaws.

He put up no fight, made no struggle to break free, as the men approached with rifles. Instead, he lay quietly, peering from yellow, sun-slitted eyes. He was the picture of hateful docility, of wronged innocence. No one knew better than he that his time at last was up.

Briggs brought his camera from the truck. The men attempted to force Three Toes to his feet, but the big beast refused to rise. Then they decided to take the wolf alive to the near-by town of Buffalo and put him on exhibit. Working carefully, the men placed a steel muzzle over the wolf's jaws and loaded him into the truck. Three Toes appeared to be comfortable. The traps had broken no bones: the steel jaws had scarcely cut through the tendons above the foot.

Halfway to Buffalo the men stopped at a ranch and phoned ahead to say that Three Toes had been captured. The killer seemed to be resting easily in the back of the truck, but one of the men said: "That wolf is looking at you, Clyde. Seems like he knows who done it."

Clyde replied: "I don't know. That wolf is fighting something. I can't figure what it is."

In Buffalo a holiday had been declared. The fire siren wailed and the townspeople had gathered on Main Street. As the truck neared town, one of Briggs' companions said: "Clyde, I believe that wolf is dying!"

It was only a half-mile more. Clyde stepped on the gas and the old truck rattled to a halt where the crowd had gathered. Men, women and children, eager to see the famous outlaw of Harding County, pressed forward.

What they saw was a dead wolf. Its greenish, yellow eyes were still open and it seemed to be looking off into space. The animal's big heart was still.

Clyde said: "I've seen 'em do that. A bullet wouldn't have stopped him when he was running free. Now he dies for no reason."

But there may have been a reason—a good reason. Perhaps Three Toes possessed some of the grandeur and dignity of the rare human being who finds that life is no longer a thing to tolerate, once freedom has been taken away.

Kiss in the Dark

A N ACTOR, IN DISCUSSING the previous night's party, asked his wife: "Was that you I kissed, out in the patio?"

The little woman thought for a moment, then countered: "About what time, dear?"

-JIMMIE FIDLER, McNaught Syndicate

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The Shepherd of Big Business

by GUNTHER STEIN

NE BLEAK New England evening in January, 1947, a prosperous-looking man stepped up to the parsonage of the Central Baptist Church in Providence, Rhode Island, and rang the bell. He had barely entered the house when he told the minister bluntly: "Dale, I have come to ask

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you to resign your pastorate."
The Rev. Dale D. Dutton looked in surprise at his friend, William H. Smith, treasurer of a Bristol shoe corporation and a leading parishioner of the church. But before the pastor could speak, his

visitor went on:

"We want you to become vicepresident of our company. My brother and I have decided that you're the only man for the job."

While Dr. Dutton continued to



A clergyman who takes his orders only from God heads a unique experiment in Christian Relations

stare, Smith chuckled. "I'd better start at the beginning," he said. "Coming home recently from a business trip, I could not sleep in the Pullman. I kept thinking about business, not merely our own company but business as a whole. Just what were we doing to get business and religion pull-

ing together to make the world a better place to live in?

"I thought about what is said of Jesus Christ—'He went about doing good'—and then it occurred to me that there was something we, as businessmen, could do. We want you to take charge of a new department of Christian Relations.

"It will have nothing to do with selling merchandise. You will take your orders only from God, going about freely wherever you wantjust doing good. And we will foot the bill...."

Three months later, when the 46-year-old minister went into business as vice-president in charge of Christian Relations, he had no definite plans. "I knew God would give me my tasks," he recalls with a characteristic smile. "And He cer-

tainly did!"

Today, Dr. Dutton is one of the busiest and happiest clergymen imaginable. His new "parish" spreads over a good part of the U.S. and into Europe as well, giving him many unexpected opportunities for extending moral and material aid, and inundating his four-man office with a flow of mail. Among concrete evidences of his work is the Benefit Shoe Foundation, set up by the Smith brothers to provide polio victims and amputees with single shoes at cost.

Business executives and ministers invite him to address their service clubs and churches. Having heard of his thesis that "the church and clergy must get out from behind their vestments and robes to where life is real" and that "business must compensate for its inevitable selfishness by more practical cooperation with religion," they want to find out how they, too, may work along these new lines.

The main lesson Dr. Dutton has learned is that there is great need today for clergymen-at-large. The thousands who appeal to him—ten to one for moral as against material help—want solace from a stranger, unconnected with the social life of the community they live in.

One typical case concerned a Cincinnati woman who phoned that she was on her way to Bristol. Her husband was a drunkard: his beatings and cursings were ruining her life and that of her son. She wanted to start all over again, far from the scene of her suffering and the pitying glances of neighbors. Nobody at home could do anything for her. Would Dr. Dutton help her to get established in another town?

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At the station he met a human wreck. He took her to his home, where Mrs. Dutton was waiting. Next morning the two women started out early on a unique venture. First the visitor got a permanent, then new clothing. With the final touch of a little lipstick, the woman was transformed from a disconsolate drudge to an attractive woman in her late thirties. The change was not just physical: her confidence in life returned.

Inquiries confirmed all she had said about her miserable existence in Cincinnati. With the help of Dr. Dutton, she got a job with a local firm and made a place for herself. Recently the senior partner of that company sent for her 17-year-old son, whom he is now putting through college in the East.

Then there was the long-distance call from a small town near Milwaukee. "Dr. Dutton?" a shaky voice asked. "My name is Jim B. I've heard of your Christian Relations work. I must see you. I'm

going crazy with worry.

"I have a wife and three lovely children but I'm in love with another woman. I have a responsible job as the head of a public institution, from which I have stolen \$15,000. My father is an outstanding citizen but I....No, there's nobody here to help me."

The young man was in Bristol

next morning. Dr. Dutton listened to his story and agreed to go back with him to Wisconsin. There, he first insisted on seeing the woman in the case. She was an adventuress who had led Jim to thievery.

"You're a fool to pay the price," Dr. Dutton told him. Then he went to Milwaukee where Jim's wife was crying her heart out. He listened to her side of the story and took

her back home.

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At last, Dr. Dutton had husband and wife in his hotel room. The three of them knelt together. The tension broke as the young man put his arms around his wife. Then the minister slipped away quickly.

Down in the lobby he was being paged by one of the institution's board members, to whom he had thought he would have to break the

story of Jim's theft.

"We've found out all about young Jim and you, Dr. Dutton," the man said. "We need your opinion as an unbiased outsider. Can he be rehabilitated?"

The answer was an emphatic yes, and soon the minister and the directors worked out a financial arrangement. Jim's recent salary increase of \$1,500 a year would be sufficient to pay off most of his debt over a period of time. Some money of his own would make up the difference. Secrecy was assured, as were the security of his job and the happiness of his family.

The Letters received daily by Dr. Dutton's Department of Christian Relations range from questions on religious problems to requests for advice on personal, family and occupational problems which people are evidently too shy

to discuss with local pastors or service organizations. Calls for financial assistance are also common, but Dr. Dutton's monthly budget barely runs into five figures. He is not worried, however, about money.

"Just as we've been given our first tasks," he says, "we are confident we'll be given more funds as they are required." Meanwhile, much can be done with comparatively little, as recent cases show.

A young prisoner wrote from a New Hampshire prison. Something was wrong with his mind, the prison doctor had told him, and an operation might put him right. But he had no money. Dr. Dutton visited the warden, who confirmed the prisoner's story. Christian Relations pledged itself to underwrite the operation and help the boy to rehabilitate himself.

An amputee's letter told of his difficulty in getting around in an old, ramshackle wheel chair. A few days later a self-propelling chair

was shipped to him.

in shiny new footgear.

A teacher in a poor Kentucky mountain town asked for shoes for the children who came to sehool barefoot. A month later happy youngsters were skipping to school

Dr. Dutton's "parish work" even extends to Europe, from which he gets many requests for food and shoes. The Smith brothers, after turning over some of their own stock to Christian Relations, queried other firms about surpluses. The response was so prompt that the department was able to send 12,000 pairs of shoes abroad, in addition to many CARE parcels of its own.

Dr. Dutton's first large organizational task, inspired by The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, was to provide shoes at reasonable prices to polio victims. Some 87,500 Americans, whose feet are of different sizes due to infantile paralysis, have to buy two pairs of shoes whenever they need one. Could the Department of Christian Relations help patients to buy single shoes at half the price of a pair?

The Benefit Shoe Foundation of Bristol—Dale D. Dutton, president—was created to handle the problem. A nonprofit mail-order house, it sells a growing volume of single shoes at cost to polio victims and amputees. Letters of thanks from handicapped men and women all over the country prove how much these savings mean to them.

The novel collaboration between Dutton and the Smith brothers has aroused keen interest among businessmen and clergymen. Rotary, Kiwanis and other service organizations seek him as a speaker; busi-

ness firms constantly write for his advice. Almost every Sunday Dr. Dutton preaches in a different community, often following his sermons with talks to local businessmen.

The clergymen whom Dutton consulted before accepting the Smiths' offer had been skeptical. The idea might be misconstrued as just another advertising trick, they warned him. Doing good on behalf of a shoe corporation seemed a strange task for a minister of ability and promise.

Today, Dale Dutton knows that he was right in accepting the task which, he feels, was given him by God. Those who see him going about doing good—modestly, cheerfully and efficiently — agree with him. And many who come in touch with him and the Smith brothers realize that the Bristol experiment in Christian Relations is a timely challenge to both the business and church leaders of America.

Mute Messenger of Peace

ONE DAY DURING the terrible winter at Valley Forge, George Washington and General Lafayette were conferring in the chilly house which served as Continental headquarters. About 27 miles away, Lord Howe, the British general, was enjoying the comforts of Philadelphia. Lafayette remarked that Howe, who often hunted in the woods near Philadelphia, would regret to see spring since it would mean actual fighting instead of sport.

As he spoke, a plaintive whine was heard at the door. There stood

a hunting dog, tired and hungry. Washington greeted him with a friendly pat, then examined the dog's collar. It bore the inscription, "Lord Howe."

All that day and night the dog remained close to his new master. But next morning, when Lafayette departed, Washington asked him to return the "enemy" to Howe. Under a flag of truce, the stray was taken to British headquarters. Two days later, Washington received a letter of thanks from Howe, offering proof that even bitter enemies may have a basis for understanding and friendship.

-WOUTER VAN GARRETT in The Uplift

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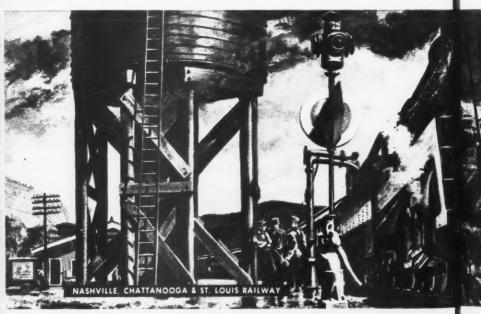
Giants of the Rails

DUILT FOR POWER, America's railroads are among the most impressive of the nation's industrial
achievements. Webbed and laced
by bands of iron track, the United
States depends on the daily movements of thousands of highly
specialized freight cars for the greater part of its commercial activity.
Fast, comfortable trains carry a
major portion of America's longdistance travelers, while all our
great cities are linked by super-de
luxe passenger trains designed for
luxurious, high-speed transporta-

tion. Now, as vacationers all over the country plan summer trips, Coronet presents this album of "luxury specials," painted especially by David Mink. In search of detailed accuracy, Mr. Mink spent many weeks traveling in Pullman cars, coaches and engine cabs; talking to executives, engineers, and ticket agents from New York to California, from Chicago to Florida. His authentic portraits of ten of the nation's most famous trains are as vital and exciting as a trip across America—by rail.



PROGRESS. Keynoting U.S. railroad history, the CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO makes its Chicago-San Francisco run on the Overland Trail in less than 40 hours. It took six months to cover this route 100 years ago.



VETERAN. THE DIXIE FLYER (taking on water at Cowan, Tenn., above) connects Chicago and Jacksonville, Fla. Its historic route through the South follows the path of some of the Civil War's bloodiest battles.



DE LUXE LINER. Sailing along at better than 100 miles an hour, the PANAMA LIMITED links New Orleans with Chicago in 16½ hours. The "Panama" provides private showers for Pullman passengers.



STATESMAN'S EXPRESS. With the shortest running time between Chicago and Washington, D.C., the CAPITOL LIMITED is proud of its "on-time" record. It has carried government officials for 25 years.



CROSS-COUNTRY GIANT. Pounding the rails, The Empire Builder roars through the little town of Gold Bar, Washington (above). It is one of a fleet of five identical trains providing daily service between Chicago, Seattle and Portland, Oregon. Practically every facility of the nation's engineering and manufacturing genius is called upon to build a \$1,500,000 train like this. In one mass of throbbing power it represents virtually all U.S. industry and commerce—steel, oil, glass, wood and cotton, rubber, plastics, paints, and the hundreds of thousands of men and women behind them. Like many of America's crack



trains, The Empire Builder's power and speed come out of Diesel-electric engines made by General Motors. Its elegant coach and sleeping cars were built by the Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company. With such a combination of power, efficiency and comfort, The Empire Builder can move upwards of 200,000 passengers a year. Multiply this by hundreds of passenger trains doing almost the same job, and add to it tens of thousands of freight cars linking practically every village, town and city in the 48 states, and you have just about the best transportation system ever devised by man.



ON THE WAY. Big-city luxury fliers add daily zest to small-town life. Here the Chicago-New York Broadway Limited races through Wheeler, Indiana—a flash out of America's teeming vitality.



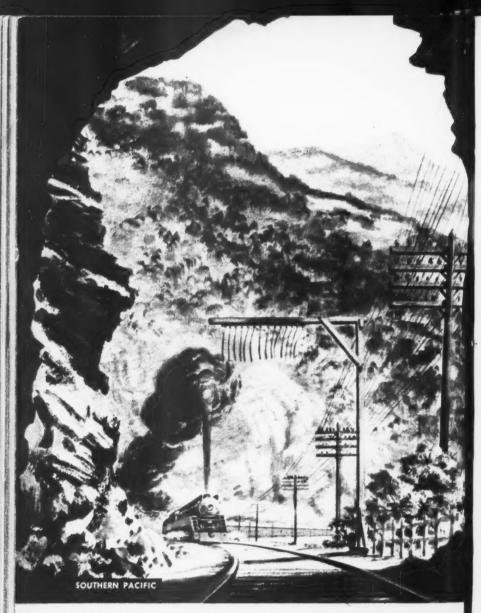
STAR PERFORMER. A "hotel on wheels," the Twentieth Century Limited makes commuting between Chicago (above) and New York an adventure in luxury. It's one of the nation's most popular trains.



CELEBRITIES' CHOICE. A favorite train of Hollywood stars riding between East and West coasts is the Super Chief. Leaving Chicago (above) daily for Los Angeles, it typifies the best in railway elegance.



WINTER TRAVELER. For Florida resorts like Clearwater (above) and Miami, winter arrives with the first Orange Blossom Special. This train runs out of New York only between December and April.



CLEAR SIGNAL. On California's west coast a fleet of steam-powered DAYLIGHTS, like this one, connects Los Angeles and San Francisco six times daily. No matter where they go or whom they carry, no U.S. trains move without a "clear signal" of safety. This is the continuing promise and the time-honored tradition of America's railroads.





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Salesman of Democracy

by BILL DAVIDSON

A dynamic industrialist with a talent for statesmanship has tackled his biggest job as director of European relief

Soon After the unveiling of the Buck Rogerish vehicle known officially as the 1947 Studebaker, a hurried sales conference was called at the company's factory in South Bend, Indiana.

"We'll be ruined," groaned one sales representative. "Last night Fred Allen said, 'The new Studebaker is a silex on wheels'; the night before, Bob Hope said, 'Studebaker hired a glass blower and forgot to say when'; and last week Phil Baker told about a man who left New York to drive to California in his new Studebaker, and was 500 miles out in the Atlantic before he discovered he was sitting behind the wrong windshield."

"What does all that add up to?" asked Fred Van Eiszner, Cleveland

district manager. And before the complainer could reply, Van Eiszner answered his own question. "It adds up to more sales than we ever had before, millions of dollars' worth of free advertising that we never could afford before, and—" he paused for a moment of reverence—"the fact that Studebaker's president, Paul Gray Hoffman, is still one of the best salesmen and smartest operators in the world!"

Apparently, Van Eiszner's opinion of Hoffman is shared by President Truman, for on April 5 of this year the Chief Executive bestowed on Hoffman one of the biggest sales jobs and over-all business operations in history, to wit: Administrator of the European Recovery Program. As Economic Cooperation Administrator, as he is now called, Hoffman, a mediumsized, blue-eyed man of 57, has \$5,300,000,000 to spend on selling

democracy to the people of Europe. He thus adds another title—America's Salesman of Democracy—to a long list of titles tacked onto him

over a period of years.

At various times, Hoffman has been known as The Miracle Man of Motors; The Moses Who Led Studebaker Out of the Wilderness of Receivership; The Man Most Likely to Be Secretary of Commerce in the Next Republican Cabinet; The Friend of Small Business; The High Priest of Highway Safety: The Man Truman Wanted to Be Greek Loan Administrator: The Industrialist Who Did Most to Help Keep China in the Fight in 1942: The Industrialist Who Did Most to Help Keep Russia in the Fight in 1943; and The Industrialist Who Did Most for Kenyon College, Ohio, in 1944.

This list of names (which omits the unprintable ones uttered by conservatives who think he is a radical and by left-wingers who think he is a reactionary) indicates that Hoffman is a highly unique citizen. Nearly all the titles are well-earned. The Best Salesman sobriquet, for instance, stems from the rough-and-tumble days in Los Angeles in 1914 when, in order to make a dollar, an auto salesman had to be a combination of Billy Rose, Thomas Edison, Barney Old-

field and David Harum.

That winter, a sudden frost killed one of the two orange trees in Hoffman's father's garden, so Hoffman advertised (not untruthfully) in the classified columns: "Lost half of orange grove. Must sell auto."

Most of Los Angeles wrote to Hoffman that day, looking for a bargain from an unfortunate wretch. The unfortunate wretch then interviewed each bargain hunter separately at his home, and after each drove off flushed with triumph, he rolled another new or used car into the back yard. Before the bargain hunters caught on, Hoffman had sold his entire stock of cars at only a few dollars less than list price.

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Recently, when Hoffman was on a speaker's platform with CIO President Philip Murray, the union leader referred to Hoffman as a representative of Big Business. "But we're not Big Business, Phil," said Hoffman. "We're small business. We only turn out four per cent of the cars and trucks produced by the industry." This four per cent, of course, amounted to a little matter of 190,000 vehicles in 1947, which made him the largest independent manufacturer.

But Hoffman went on to show how he had helped his dealers carry on during the war, and how the Committee for Economic Development, which he headed, had helped thousands of small businesses to convert successfully after the war. "The big corporations didn't need help," he said, "but the little 20-worker plants did. And we tried to show them how to do it."

In 1942, Hoffman was invited to dinner at Dr. Arthur Holcombe's home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he was seated next to Dr. Hu Shih, the Chinese Ambassador. Dr. Hu began to talk to Hoffman about China's plight, and soon the auto manufacturer was aroused to the necessity of keeping tottering China in the scrap.

A few days later Hoffman was

offered the chairmanship of United China Relief, and accepted. This was just after the fall of Singapore, Hong Kong and the Philippines, and things didn't look promising for us, let alone the Chinese. Yet Hoffman's whirlwind sales campaign raised seven millions, five more than in the year previous.

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Later, Hoffman asked Dr. Holcombe how Dr. Hu had happened to sit next to him at dinner. "Happened nothing!" said Dr. Holcombe. "Hu is the smartest salesman China has, and he knew you are one of the smartest salesmen America has. So he deliberately plunked himself next to you."

With items like this sticking out all over Hoffman's background, he can hardly be listed as the conventional industrialist. The Studebaker plant was one of the first in which Negroes worked alongside whites, and members of Studebaker Local 5 of the United Automobile Workers, CIO, are among the bestpaid in the industry. Hoffman never had a strike, and the peace between Studebaker and the union was so suspiciously enduring that investigators from the Universities of Chicago and Michigan came to South Bend to observe the phenomenon.

Under Hoffman, Studebaker was the only auto company ever to emerge from receivership, and in 1946, when every other manufacturer was playing safe with 1942 models, he shocked the industry by putting the first postwar car on the streets. In the national picture, he developed such a reputation as a practical-yet-liberal industrial statesman that he was backed for the European Relief job by such diverse champions as the Demo-

cratic National Committee, Republican Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, and Secretary of Commerce Averell Harriman.

Before he became head of ERP, some of Hoffman's good works unquestionably were accompanied by commercial motives (national safety campaigns help to sell cars) and he was not out of industrialist character with his demands for such things as lower corporation taxes. But it is a mystery why some of his other recommendations have not resulted in his being burned at the stake as a heretic by his colleagues in the business world.

Hoffman, a Republican, was one of the few major industrialists who wanted to delay removing wartime controls; he is in favor of unemployment compensation for everyone; he thinks it is a mistake to lower taxes until inflation is over; he is violently opposed to cartels; he is against the prewar capitalism of England, France and Germany; he thinks our capitalism has weaknesses which must be corrected; and he refuses to use that overworked expression, "the free-enterprise system."

This South Bend enigma was born in Chicago and raised in Western Springs, on the city's outskirts. The Hoffmans were fairly well off in the 1890s and Paul's father, who was in the heating business, later invented a series of steam valves which still bear his name.

Young Paul went to high school in near-by La Grange, where his career was undistinguished except for good scholarship and a few spectacular appearances at football games in his father's Pope-Toledo car, one of the first horseless carriages in the neighborhood. That car apparently got into Hoffman's blood, because after a fling at studying law in 1908 and 1909, Hoffman walked past the Halladay auto showrooms on Michigan Boulevard, and remained there with a broom in hand. As Halladay's new porter, he earned \$8 a week.

After sweeping floors for a while, he was put in charge of the two-man repair department at \$12 a week, then became the company's demonstrator at the same salary.

In 1911, Hoffman's family moved to California, and Paul followed, working his way across country by selling auto accessories. In the jungle that comprised the pre-World War I auto market in Los Angeles, Hoffman came into his own. At that time, a salesman had to have the knowledge of an engineer in order to discuss technical details with mechanically sagacious customers. Hijacking, sabotage and kidnaping of customers were also part of the sales procedure.

With gusto, young Hoffman joined this free-for-all as a salesman for the local Studebaker company, and soon was selling cars like mad. One of his techniques was never to insist on cash. If necessary, he would merely trade. In exchange for shiny new Studebakers, he got such items as diamonds, horses and carriages, second mortgages and orange crops, all of which he converted into cash at a profit. By 1912, he was 21 and the company's most affluent salesman, having won a prize for selling more Studebakers than any other individual in the country.

The prize consisted of an audience with J. M. Studebaker in South Bend. The words of wisdom

which old J. M. dispensed on this occasion were: "Young man, our slogan around here is 'Give more than you promise.' Of course, don't give too much more, because that'll cut into your profits."

In 1914 came the orange-grove episode, and Hoffman's stock as a salesman rose even higher. The only bargain hunter Hoffman couldn't sell was a wilv New Englander named Brown, yet this cannot be recorded as a complete failure since Mr. Brown had a daughter Dorothy (a Wellesley student) whom Hoffman married a few months later. By the time World War I started. Hoffman had acquired not only a charming wife but also the distinction of being branch manager for the entire Studebaker setup in Los Angeles, the youngest such executive in the business.

The distinction did not impress the Army, however, and Hoffman in 1917 became a private like everyone else. He later went to Officers Training Camp, earned a commission as second lieutenant in the Field Artillery, and was sent to Camp Jackson, South Carolina, for shipment overseas. But when the transportation officer there learned that Hoffman knew all about cars and trucks, he performed a neat trick. Hoffman spent the war as transportation officer at Jackson, while the T.O. usurped Hoffman's place in the Field Artillery, A.E.F.

A FTER THE WAR, HOFFMAN took every dollar he had, borrowed a few thousand more and bought the Los Angeles Studebaker agency he had once managed. Then, in less than four years, he worked his meager bank roll into a \$7,000,000-

A Test of Salesmanship

Back when I started in the automobile business in Chicago, it took courage to buy a new car. Only mechanics or close friends of mechanics dared to buy used cars.

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But one day a veterinarian stopped by to look at a secondhand Jackson. He requested a demonstration. With reckless abandon I agreed to drive him home.

To my great shock, the doctor's home turned out to be on a farm 40 miles away. Despite the fact that the Jackson's slogan was "No hill too steep; no sand too deep," only stouthearted adventurers ever crossed the city line in a 1905-model Jackson.

But a miracle happened that day

in Illinois. Though the long-suffering engine banged and pounded like a boom-time boiler factory, the old Jackson made the 40 miles! I was the most surprised 18-yearold kid you ever saw.

In his kitchen, the veterinarian dipped his pen and started to sign the purchase papers. Then he halted. "One question, son," he said. "If you were me, would you buy this vehicle?"

My heart did a flip-flop. I was broke and needed the commission. While debating what to say, I looked up and there on the wall was an embroidered banner that warned: "God hears every word you say."

No sale.

-PAUL HOFFMAN, as told to BART HODGES

a-year business. Practically everyone in California, it seemed, was driving a Hoffman Studebaker.

In 1925, Albert R. Erskine, president of the Studebaker Corporation, summoned Hoffman to South Bend to find out why this was happening. It turned out that Hoffman was taking every car shipped to him and rebuilding it to the bizarre tastes of Californians. He removed the drab black rubberized tops and replaced them with specially tailored ones in gay colors. He popularized the semihard "California Top" (there were no closed cars in those days). He put fancy hues and accessories on his Studebakers, and gave them new names like "Man o' War" and "Greyhound."

When Erskine heard all this, he

said: "We could use you here as vice-president in charge of sales." Hoffman accepted—on the condition that he could keep the prospering Paul G. Hoffman Company in Los Angeles, which he still owns.

The next eight years were unspectacular ones for Hoffman, since Erskine sat in the managerial saddle and would brook no interference in his losing fight against the Big Three of the industry with "The Rockne," "The Erskine" and "The Pierce-Arrow," as well as the high-priced Studebaker. Erskine was gaining ground when the Depression hit. On a gamble, he expanded again in 1931, and that was the end. The company—which had started in 1852 when Henry and Clem Studebaker and one forge began

turning out big cargo wagons for the opening of the West—slipped back into receivership in 1933.

This was a situation apparently made to order for Hoffman. Campaigning on the platform that supersalesmanship could salvage something from the wreckage, he and Harold S. Vance, vice-president in charge of production, jumped in and were named receivers by Judge Thomas Slick. That very night, at 1:30 A.M., Hoffman pounded on Slick's hotel door in South Bend, and when the Judge emerged, Hoffman said: "We want your permission to spend \$97,000 for an advertising campaign. It's the only way we can pay off creditors."

Still rubbing his eyes, Judge Slick said O.K. A week later, the country was blanketed with ads proclaiming, "Studebaker Carries On!"

By 1935 the company was out of receivership, and after rounding up some Wall Street money, Hoffman and Vance broke their backs to get a brand-new small car on the market, before the psychological effects of the comeback wore off. The Studebaker workers apparently broke their backs too, for the new car, "The Champion," hit the market on time and began to sell.

By 1939, the company was sailing along nicely, with Hoffman as president and Vance as chairman of the board. By 1941, "The Champion" was making the respectable profit of \$2,500,000 annually.

World War II interrupted the comeback. So Hoffman sent out manuals to his dealers, telling them how to convert to war plants and repair shops, and mailed them monthly bulletins explaining complex rulings of the WPB and other

government agencies. Meantime the Studebaker plant turned out a quantity of Flying Fortress engines, 165,000 trucks credited with keeping the Red Army rolling in the closing stages of the war, and nearly all the little Weasels that proved so vital in the battles for Attu, Anzio and Leyte. When the war ended, the Battle for the Survival of Studebaker resumed.

Hoffman decided to do something that every other auto manufacturer wanted to do—produce a real postwar car. The design of the new Studebaker was kept like a military secret and it was unveiled just eight months after V-J Day.

AT THIS POINT in our story, it is fitting to glance at some of Hoffman's extracurricular activities during the years when he was pushing Studebaker out front.

In 1922, Los Angeles drivers were even more enthusiastic about committing mayhem on pedestrians and on each other than they are now. Finally, the mayor appointed a Traffic Commission to study the problem, with none other than 31-year-old Hoffman as chairman.

After several escapes from death himself, Hoffman came up with a new highway plan and the first crossing lights for pedestrians ever used in America. The casualty rate promptly dropped, and Hoffman was asked to run for mayor. But he declined.

From this auspicious start, Hoffman was propelled a few years later into chairmanship of the Safety Traffic Committee of the Automobile Chamber of Commerce. Before he was through with this outfit, it had become the Automotive Safe-

ty Foundation, with a seven-point national program, \$7,000,000 in contributions and two Traffic Engineer Schools which it helps to support at Yale and Northwestern Universities. State highway programs were coordinated, and in six years the automobile death rate dropped 30.5 per cent.

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In 1942 came Hoffman's successful China Relief campaign. Then Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones called together his Business Advisory Council, consisting of the nation's leading industrialists, and asked them to draft a postwar, depression-proof plan for converting to peacetime production. During this first meeting, Hoffman was called out of the room. When he came back, he found that he had been elected-chairman of the Committee for Economic Development.

Under Hoffman, the CED became a powerful outfit of 50,000 members whose recommendations were used more and more by Congress and the Administration in economic planning. One of its biggest jobs was to inform small war plants of new peacetime materials and processes. As a result, CED was given credit for an able assist after America had reconverted with amazing smoothness.

When the war ended, Hoffman retained his CED chairmanship but concentrated on beating his business opponents to the punch with a new car. The government, however, did not permit him to enjoy such comparative tranquillity for long. First, President Truman sounded him out on serving as Greek Loan Administrator, which he declined with thanks. Next, Hoffman spent the summer of 1947

studying the European Recovery Program on a committee headed by Secretary of Commerce Harriman. Then, finally, he was appointed last April to head ERP, one of the loftiest positions ever held by an American industrialist.

Within the hour after his rapidfire confirmation by the Senate, Hoffman had set up temporary offices in the Statler Hotel. By late afternoon he was interviewing applicants for the hundreds of key specialist jobs in the Economic Cooperation Administration, both here and in Europe. And by nightfall, he had taken over \$1,000,000,000 of the \$5,300,000,000 allotted by Congress; a few days later ships began loading wheat for shipment to France and the Netherlands.

This was the beginning of a hectic life. In a single day it is not unusual for Hoffman to check food shipments at a New York pier, testify before a Congressional committee before lunch, eat lunch with President Truman at the White House, and then take off by plane to be in Paris next morning.

Today, when he is not in Washington or gallivanting around the world, he lives in middle-class simplicity with his wife in a small house at Lakeside, Michigan, near South Bend. Before the ERP job came along, they spent a few weeks every year at the ancestral avocado ranch in Pasadena, which still has the two-tree orange grove. Occasionally he visits his five grown sons (all Kenyon College men and all veterans) and his two daughters.

At one time this small mob used to romp about the picturesque Hoffman home in South Bend. But after the war, when the children scattered to study and to marry, Hoffman sold the big house and hasn't bothered to buy another one.

Hoffman plays an occasional game of golf or poker. He also has been caught furtively filling out a football prediction card of a quiet October afternoon. But his principal diversion at South Bend consisted of keeping his company a few steps ahead of the competition.

Perhaps the chief factor in the company's ability to remain out of trampling distance was his labor policy. It would not be correct to say that Hoffman and the union loved each other to the extent of kissing in public, but Studebaker never had any of the violent labor strife which plagued nearly every other auto manufacturer.

There have been some rough bargaining sessions, but no strikes; and because of an unusual incentive plan worked out with the union, Studebaker workers average more pay per hour than the rest of the industry.

As the result of all this, when the auto unions filed their wave of portal-to-portal suits last year, Stude-baker Local 5 refused to file; and when the company was struggling to get out of receivership, the union paid for a series of newspaper ads, in which it exuberantly warned the local citizenry to buy Stude-baker cars—or else.

In 1935, Hoffman needed a few millions to push the company over the hump, but financiers were wary. Finally he arranged a Wall Street loan—with one big condition attached: Hoffman first had to prove he could make a go of the company by turning out a certain number of large de luxe cars and selling them all by a certain date.

But in 1935, the pit of the Depression, few people were buying big cars. Besides, the timetable seemed beyond reach. Crestfallen, Hoffman went back to confer with the union. It turned out to be a somber meeting, with much talk of throwing in the towel.

Union leaders went into a huddle and re-examined the specifications. Then they told Hoffman: "No one ever has made cars like this so fast. But, by gosh, if you can sell 'em, we can make 'em!"

The union made them, and Hoffman sold them. And that is a major reason why many people expect Hoffman not to have too much trouble handling the tremendous European relief job that lies ahead. In the Studebaker struggle, he had to fight his way up from receivership. In the struggle against hunger and chaos, he feels he is a bit better off to begin with. "Western Europe," he says, "is not yet in the hands of the receivers."

A Time for Everything

"Do you always say your prayers at night, son?" the minister asked the youngest member of the Sunday school.

"Oh, yes, sir," he was assured.

"And do you always say them in the morning, too?"

"No, sir," the youngster replied, "because I'm not scared in the daytime."

—Mrs. Henry J. Tyler

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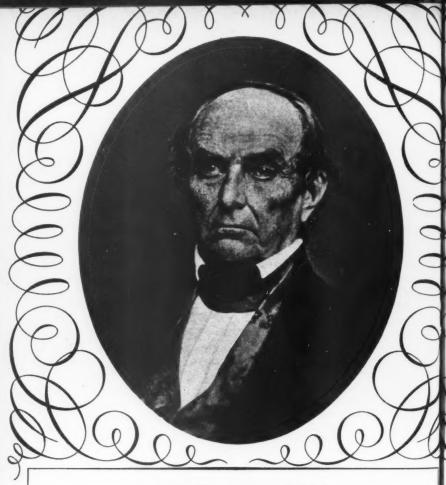
GREAT MEN OF 1848

Today, though we are faced with some of the most difficult problems the U.S. has ever known, the Republic does not waver; for America has always grown stronger with each succeeding crisis. Coming up the "hard way," we have learned to weather the severest storms. To give you an idea of how rough the going has been, Coronet takes you back 100 years to 1848, when Abraham Lincoln (above) was still an obscure Congressman. Here, in rare contemporary photographs, are eight Americans who saw the Union threatened with destruction. Their faith in the Republic is a lesson in liberty for us all.

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DANIEL WEBSTER

Behind the Joyful, ambitious optimism of America in 1848, the political scene trembled with controversy. There was doubt that the Union was supreme, and men were willing to rip the nation apart to gain more power for their individual states. Against such men and ideas stood Senator Daniel Webster, a rock-bottom Massachusetts conservative who would not

yield an inch on the basic authority of the Federal government. He exhorted North and South alike to lay aside their prejudices; for though he opposed slavery, he wanted the Union preserved at all costs. While he lived, he did much to keep peace between the States. Yet when the Civil War finally came, it was fought in defense of Constitutional principles Webster had defined.

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HENRY CLAY

THE TWO DOMINANT political parties of the era were the Whigs and the Democrats, and the Whigs claimed two of the nation's most famous politicians—Daniel Webster and a clear-eyed Virginian named Henry Clay. Like Webster, Clay was a conservative opposed to all radical theories on the slavery question. He tried to steer a course between complete abolition of slavery

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and its unlimited extension into the new territories of the West. His compromise measures, designed to satisfy both North and South, touched off bitter Congressional debates, yet they usually succeeded in appeasing both sides. Perhaps more than any single man of his times, Henry Clay, master of compromise, kept the issue of slavery from bursting into fatal flames.



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

A THORN IN THE SIDE of Northern conservatives and a firebrand in the eyes of Southerners whenever the question of slavery came up was William Lloyd Garrison. A gentle-looking Boston editor, neither the first nor the last in a long line of American idealists, his angry editorials and inflammatory speeches rang through the land, demanding immediate abolition of

slavery. His fiery outbursts, though sincerely dedicated to liberty, attracted thousands of militant followers, from wild-eyed radicals to serious liberals impatient with party politics and the delaying tactics of compromise. Impractical as he may have seemed, William Lloyd Garrison succeeded in shocking midcentury America into action against the nation's greatest shame.

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GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT

If Garrison was the apostle of slavery's abolition in the middle of the 19th century, General Winfield Scott was America's prince of territorial expansion. In some 50 years with the Army, he successfully ended two wars and—practically singlehanded—acquired a large portion of the nation's new territories. In 1848, Scott, who was known as "Old Fuss and Feathers,"

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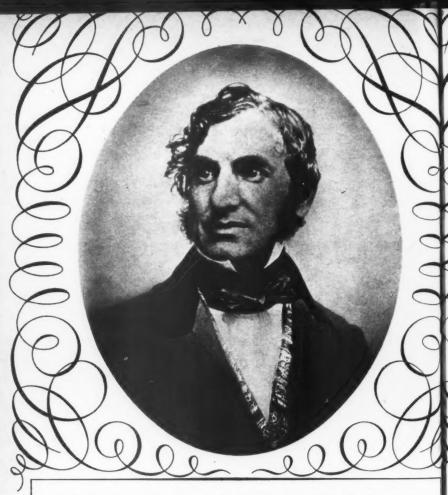
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was the hero of a recent war with Mexico, where his rule as commander of the occupation forces was so humane that he was offered a dictatorship. In 1852 the Whigs nominated him for President, hoping to profit by his military reputation. The attempt was a complete failure, but Winfield Scott had already become a virtual symbol of America's growth.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

UNEASY AS MANY Americans may have been in 1848, most of the nation's energy was being devoted to vast accomplishment in many fields: pioneers trekked toward the Pacific; farmers opened the prairies of the Midwest; and Northern industrialists built factories to handle the rich flow of cotton from the South. In New England, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a Harvard

professor, was establishing himself as one of the nation's best-loved poets. Though he said little about political issues, he was American to the core. In these years, while the U.S. teemed with ambition, Longfellow found much of his inspiration for later masterpieces like The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere and Evangeline—celebrating the history and traditions of young America.

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ELIAS HOWE

A LONG WITH THE business of expansion and the excitement of politics, scores of Americans during the 1840s were breaking ground for a different kind of progress. They were inventors, designers of tools, mechanics with boundless ingenuity. They were men like Elias Howe, who invented a sewing machine that would sew 250 stitches a minute. And having invented

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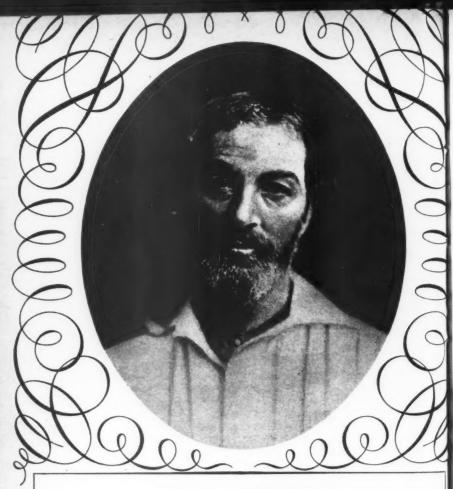
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their sewing machines, their mechanical reapers or their rotary printing presses, these harbingers of mass production went on to produce more marvels which would turn out their inventions in endless numbers. Elias Howe was simply an American who dreamed of making life a little easier. He helped make the United States one of the richest countries on earth.



MAINTEN THAN

I N JANUARY OF 1848, the 29-year-old editor of the Brooklyn (N.Y.) Eagle lost his job. For a few months he wandered around the nation, watching the people, listening to them talk, feeling their energy, learning their opinions. His name was Walt Whitman, and he was restless. He had heard America singing and he wanted to tell the world what it meant. He dreamed

of writing poetry that was as new and rugged as the nation itself. When it was written, it wasn't easy to read, but it was eloquent and beautiful. It reflected the great vigor of America. Like the statesmen and the soldiers, the idealists and the inventors of his time, Walt Whitman, the poet, brought the world proof that the United States of America was here to stay.

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HOW TO STAR on a Quiz Show

A popular M. C. offers some tips to would-be contestants for radio's fabulous prizes

by TOMMY BARTLETT

[NTERVIEWING RADIO contestants can be a frightening business. There was one woman who reached across the mike and pulled out a handful of my hair. Another was so nervous that when I bent over to peck at her cheek she bit my lip. A third fainted dead away.

Every Master of Ceremonies has his own way of selecting contestants. Some simply observe reactions during the warm-up before the broadcast. Some have people describe themselves before the whole assembly. Some conduct tryout interviews in the audience. On Welcome Travelers, we chat privately with the folks at their seats.

Whatever method is used, your quizmaster is looking for three basic ingredients in his contestants. In increasing order of importance they are: dignity, likeableness and something to say. Judgment is a delicate job, and in 18 years I've made my share of boners.

Shall I ever recall without embarrassment the well-meaning woman whom I was quizzing on simple word meanings? "What's a debutante?" I asked.

"A small cup of coffee after a meal," she answered.

I should have stopped then, but there was another part to the question. "What's a carousel?"

"A kind of lady's slip."

There's nothing worse than having a contestant become an object of ridicule, and few sounds have been more painful to my ear than the merriment that followed.

Most contestants, however, come through fine. Mr. Thomas, a man in his sixties, was appearing with his wife. A laborer all his life and proud of it, he was past the stage of worrying about making an impression. Consequently he was poised, pleasant and interesting.

"Tell me, sir," I asked, "would you say that your life has been a full one?"

"I certainly would," he answered

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emphatically with a smile at his wife. Then he added: "Would you like to hear about something that once happened to me?"

"I surely would," I said.

"Forty-five years ago," he said, "my wife and I lost each other on

our honeymoon."

The audience sat up with interest as Mr. Thomas told his story. At the start of their wedding trip, he had stepped off the train at a station to check on the luggage. When he returned his bride was gone. After searching every car, the bridegroom solved the mystery. He had stepped back onto the wrong train. So the young couple spent their first night of married life in hotels a hundred miles apart!

Most people like to have their sympathies touched and their feelings of kindliness expanded. You will note that most quiz M.C.s, particularly when the prize is substantial, ask a contestant: "Is there any special reason why you want to win?" Others select contestants and award prizes on the basis of greatest need. It is, if you like, the soap-opera formula applied to real life. But make no mistake, the lump in the throat is sincere.

Ole Olsen, of Olsen and Johnson, one of the few celebrities to appear on *Welcome Travelers*, was on his way to the sickbed of his 84-year-old mother. As a result of his appearance, Mrs. Olsen received 9,000 letters from well-wishers.

Another time, I interviewed a Scottish couple who had just emigrated to this country. They were en route with their few possessions to the town they had chosen for their home. When they arrived there, townspeople who had heard

the program were waiting with a big welcome, a furnished apartment and a job for the husband

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For sheer charm over the air, it's hard to beat small children. Practically anything they say goes over. Yet children have more than a natural winning quality. They are spontaneous and unself-conscious, and often possess an endearing dignity.

At one broadcast, while interviewing a seven-year-old girl who spoke of her dog, I asked other children in the studio about their pets. One lad of eight said his dog had died, and I brought him up to the stage to be interviewed with the first child.

"Do you like this little boy?" I

asked her.

"No," she answered.

"Well, why not?"
"Because his ears stick out."

I turned to the little boy. "Do you like this little girl?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Why?"

"Because she's pretty."

I doubt whether there was a person listening who didn't take that little chap to his heart. We gave him a Dalmatian puppy, and it was wonderful to watch his face light up when he held it.

In the last ten years, styles in quiz shows, as in skirt lengths, have changed. From the man-in-the-street interviews of the first audience-participation shows, when there was enough novelty in having an ordinary person tell his name, address and occupation to sustain interest, a steady development has taken place.

At present there are more than

30 audience-participation programs going out over major networks, about 18 of them five times a week. Yet many well-wishing friends have warned me during my two decades of M.C.ing: "Save your money, Tommy. This is a passing fad."

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But constant changes have made quiz shows a permanent form of radio entertainment. At first, the contest angle was added. Next, shows were toured for local color. Then prizes, getting bigger and bigger, were featured, and zany stunts were often added. Now, even Truth or Consequences, the zaniest show of all, emphasizes what has always been the quiz show's chief attraction-human interest.

There is sound logic for this. Tests made among typical home audiences have proved that the highest pitch of interest occurs during the personal interview before the actual quiz and giveaway. In other words, the reason why Mr. and Mrs. John Doe tune in a quiz program is primarily to hear ordinary people like themselves who have something to say, and are able to command respect.

That being so, it becomes clear why some people make poor contestants. Teen-agers and pretty women, for instance, usually have little to offer. The real-lite experiences of a teen-ager are still ahead. Though he may talk well, unless he has undergone some out-of-theway adventure he rarely has much to talk about.

As for a pretty woman, she may look like a melody but is generally flat in an interview. You don't have to be a psychologist to understand why. The attractive woman has leaned on her appearance to win recognition: rarely has she bothered to develop a personality that

projects to others.

I have also learned that anyone who has a stake in what people outside the studio are thinking makes a poor contestant. A prime example was the congressman's wife who before the broadcast told a delightful story about confusing two high-ranking Army men at a party. She wouldn't tell it on the air, though, for fear of injuring her husband's standing.

For similar reasons, teachers as a class are stiff, cautious and unspontaneous. Yet a retired teacher can be wonderful. One elderly exschoolmarm was on a trip to cele-

brate her retirement.

"Did you enjoy teaching?" I asked her.

"Oh, I loved it," she answered. "I'm certainly going to miss the children. But there's one thing that has always bothered me."

"What's that?" I asked.

"All the tops and yo-yo's and water pistols I've taken away from my pupils through the years. It always makes me feel so mean."

There's a common belief that the life-of-the-party character makes a good radio contestant. Actually, this isn't so. The personality boy who laughs over a stale joke that he's been telling for years is not appealing. He lacks the finesse of a professional comedian or the appeal of "just folks." The main score against him is that he is just not a fellow you are apt to like.

Actually, the shy person is more desirable as a contestant if the shyness is not extreme. One of my most successful contestants was a diffident girl whose story had to be brought out by insistent questioning. It was undramatic but heart-warming, this tale of a girl's devotion to her mother.

When Dorothy appeared on Welcome Travelers, she and her mother were on a trip around the country. It soon developed that Dorothy was paying for the tour.

"That's a lot of money for a young girl," I exclaimed. "Did you come into an inheritance?"

Dorothy smiled. "No, I saved it." "Did it take a long time?"

"About two years."

"Putting something aside from your salary each week?"

"Well," Dorothy answered, "you see, in addition to my regular job as a bookkeeper I worked as a movie usher."

PROBABLY AS MANY PEOPLE would like to appear on a quiz show as those who like to listen to them. Yet the odds against being chosen are not as high as they might seem. Contestants always are selected from bona fide members of the studio audience and all have a chance to be picked. So for those who may happen to attend a broadcast in person, I would like to suggest these simple rules:

Dress neatly, with not too much sophistication.

Speak up forcefully but naturally when asked to talk about yourself,

giving homey and colorful details. Respond to the warm-up jokes with laughter and applause.

Exhibit your interest by keeping an alert eye on the proceedings.

Be nervous.

Fake an accent. While some M. C.s favor regional or foreign speech patterns, anything phony is painfully obvious.

Fake a false background. Outof-towners do have a better chance of being chosen, but fibbing will be quickly detected and automatically exclude you. th

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JULY

Wisecrack or be a smart aleck. Pester to get on the show. Any M.C. is skeptical of the overanxious would-be contestants who write letters about themselves and harass him before the broadcast.

Once at the microphone, be yourself, and give the M.C. a little more than he asks for. Remember that neither he nor the audience is looking for a professional performer or a brilliant ad-libber. Both want to meet an ordinary person with an appealing personality and something to say about himself.

Above all, remember that this man who is questioning you, the people facing you below and those listening at home, want you to win. If there's one thing you learn as an M.C. of quiz shows, it is the wonderful fact that most people are generous, kind and tolerant.



Love is like quicksilver in the hand. Leave the fingers open and it stays in the palm; clutch it and it darts away.

—DOROTHY PARKER

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FOURTHS

History is wont to slight its famous "fourths." It is only the first three that run in the money. But some fourths deserve fame. For example, the date of the signing of the Declaration of Independence is known to every schoolboy. See if you can correctly identify more than one-fourth of the following and get a passing grade. Three-fourths will put you at the head of the class.

1. Who was the fourth president of the United States?

2. What is the fourth Commandment?

3. Which is the fourth largest continent?

Who won the fourth World Series?
 What IVth Kings of England were uncles of Queen Victoria?

6. Which was America's fourth major

7. Which is the fourth largest state

geographically?
8. What, appropriately, is the fourth

book in the Bible?

9. What right is guaranteed by the fourth Amendment?

10. For which state was the fourth star added to the original 13 in the American flag?

11. What is the fourth dimension?

12. What is the fourth Wonder of the World?

13. Who was the fourth horseman of the Apocalypse?

14. What is the fourth estate?

15. Which is the fourth largest (most populous) nation?

16. Name the fourth Roman Emperor.

17. Who is fourth in line of succession to the U. S. Presidency, in event of the death of the President?



- 18. February fourth is the birthday of what famed U. S. airman?
- 19. What's the fourth largest planet?
 20. Where were the fourth (modern)
 Olympic Games held?

21. Which is the fourth most populous city in the U. S.?

22. Whom would you most like to have as a fourth for bridge?

23. What was the fourth historical dynasty in China?

24. What is the fourth wedding anniversary?

25. What was the "Fourth Party"?

26. Who was the fourth Apostle?

27. Which is the fourth most populous state?

28. What is 4 to the fourth power?

29. In what Shakespearean IVth play is Hotspur a major character?

30. Which is the fourth largest of the Great Lakes?

Answers are on page 142.

Detroit's Angel of Music

by KENT SAGENDORPH

IN DETROIT THEY SAY that another great character of genius like Henry Ford is being developed in the Motor City. His name is Henry H. Reichhold, and he is exactly the sort of man Ford was about 30

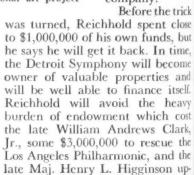
vears ago when he was making millions by proving that his ideas were not as crazy as people thought. In fact, Reichhold is a former employee of Ford's who quit his job in order to try his own ideas, and made so many millions that he does not know, today, just what he is worth.

In the process of getting rich, Henry Reichhold turned his organizational talents to a hobby which has grown into a huge international objective. Whereas Ford's consuming interest lay in early Americana, Reichhold's is music. Some years ago, after having dabbled in the role of angel to serious musicians, he determined to salvage the defunct Detroit Symphony Orchestra and make it self-supporting.

During the current season, 1947-48, the miracle came to pass. The famous musical organization's staggering budget was met and exceeded by its own income.

Reichhold's satisfaction is sweetened by memories of all the people who said it couldn't be done, who

claimed that the U.S., to maintain its top orchestras, must turn to state support as had the countries of Europe. Reichhold did it in the typical American way. He turned the orchestra's administration into a big-business enterprise, not unlike a Detroit automotive company.





What started out as a hobby with Henry Reichhold has developed into an international art project

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With mounting taxes and shrinking incomes, wealthy people no longer can afford to meet an annual symphony deficit, and Reichhold thinks they shouldn't be asked to.

The man who executed Detroit's cultural coup isn't stopping there: he has, in fact, just begun. Using the local Symphony as a central operating medium, he plans to bring great music to all the people of the Western Hemisphere. As evidence, he has just given \$32,500 more in prizes, some of which went to a composer in Brazil, for the best American symphonic scores.

Reichhold's success in Detroit has electrified the musical world. The Symphony's own announcement calls him..."the very capable, dynamic, generous, hardworking and farsighted" savior of their musical organization. The Detroit Athletic Club News, mouthpiece of the auto millionaires, says he is the most dynamic angel ever to appear in that most dynamic of cities. Etude Magazine says America owes him a debt of incalculable magnitude for his generosity.

All this praise makes the donor most uncomfortable. One of the shyest men in American industrial life. Reichhold rarely appears in public and trembles at sight of a microphone. He surrounds himself with a battalion of secretaries and go-betweens, and manages to be in a different city almost every day, out of contact with the press.

Reichhold is young — 46 — and huge—six feet two, 250 pounds. He has penetrating eyes and a habit of staring appraisingly at people in tight-lipped silence. Americans who

have lived extensively in Europe understand him, but to many Detroiters he is an enigma. Reichhold is really a survivor of a fast-vanishing race—the cultured European aristocrat of past generations.

Born in Berlin in 1901, he has heard and loved great symphonies ever since he can remember. In the old Germany, wealthy people like the Reichholds, who owned a great chemical industry, had a position to maintain. It was assumed that they would attend the concerts of the Berlin Symphony regularly and rear their children with a love of good music and a deep appreciation of its technicalities.

Henry studied harmony and counterpoint along with his Latin and Greek. He played the violin in Vienna while a university student there; he studied chemistry and music simultaneously with a view to making his fortune in one and spending it on the other. But in 1923, Henry's father sadly advised him to get out of Germany and seek his fortune in America. Since Detroit was the place where Herr Henry Ford made all those Model T automobiles, Henry decided to try his luck there.

In adequate but accented English, he applied for—and got—a job in Ford's body-finishing department at Highland Park, where he earned \$6.80 a day. There he worked until 1927.

BY THIS TIME, HENRY had married his childhood sweetheart from Berlin. Reichhold asked C. J. O'Connor, a former landlord, for the use of a garage behind the house, explaining that he had synthetic processes to revolutionize the

finishing of auto bodies. O'Connor listened, then quit his own job to work with Henry in the new enterprise, later known as Reichhold Chemicals, Inc.

Today, the business grosses some \$50,000,000 a year and operates six plants in the U.S., with others in England, France, Brazil, Australia, Italy and Switzerland. During World War II, Reichhold's son was in the Navy and Reichhold himself was fanatically American.

For a couple of years this unknown millionaire tried to catch up with America-to understand his new status as a very wealthy man in a city like Detroit, where everybody is rich, or likes to think so.

Since 1925, Henry and Mrs. Reichhold had been attending concerts of the Detroit Symphony in the Masonic Temple auditorium, but no one knew it. During the Depression, many of the Symphony's wealthy patrons had been forced to withdraw. But two things held the orchestra together: the personal magnetism of its brilliant pianist-conductor, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who died in 1936; and the inauguration in 1934 of the Ford Sunday Evening Hour, which put the entire orchestra on the air until the spring of 1942.

The radio appearances netted each musician only \$18 a week. Some dropped out to go to work in defense plants. There came a disappointing season under two regular conductors and a series of guest conductors, and in the fall of 1942 the deficit was so large that the orchestra had to suspend.

At this point, Reichhold began experimenting. He felt that if he could keep the nucleus of the or-

chestra in Detroit, one day they inno could go back again to Masonic his e Temple. Some musicians were employed part-time in restaurants and ang a bands, but the soloists, the instrumental masters, were in serious straits. Anonymously, Reichhold subsidized chamber-music recitals by these virtuosos at the Detroit Institute of Arts.

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Soon Brewster Campbell, city editor of the Detroit Free Press, learned about it. So did his wife Jennie. So, also, did Raymond Hall, cellist of the Symphony and a leader among the musicians who were trying to resurrect it.

The Campbells had known Karl Krueger when he conducted the Kansas City Philharmonic, and now they asked him to come to Detroit with a plan for bringing the Symphony back to life. Krueger's suave dignity impressed the rich Grosse Pointe set, but his figures were so formidable that nothing came of the talks until Raymond Hall asked him to meet Reichhold.

Reichhold, as usual, stared in silence as Krueger explained how and why it would cost \$160,000 to get the Symphony through a season. As a businessman, Reichhold knew that the estimate was low, but the astonishing thing to him was that Krueger had any figures at all. That did it. Although he had never heard Krueger conduct, impulsively he guaranteed the \$160,000 and the 1943-44 season began. It cost \$90,000 more than the guarantee, but other patrons chipped in to make up the balance; the orchestra was on its feet again.

Then Reichhold came to a characteristic decision. He turned over his business affairs to O'Connor and

they innounced that he would devote sonic his entire time to financial stabiliem- lation of the Symphony. Organizs and Ing a new company, the Detroit Orstru- chestra, Inc., with himself as presirious Rent, he left Dr. Krueger free to Fonduct according to his own plans and desires.

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Since that time, the sequence of nuick moves has been a little hazy city even to Detroiters. They know that, Press, Impulsively, Reichhold bought the wife Wilson Theater for \$500,000 and Hall, vave it to the incorporated orchestra ader as a permanent company home, laking notes in return. Renamed he Music Hall, it was rebuilt to contain several floors of offices, in which Reichhold set up a booking office and a promotion department.

> The booking office's first customer was the Detroit Symphony, while the promotion office blossomed forth under big, genial Charles C. Hicks, who for eight years had been promoting the Lone Ranger radio program. Hicks talked up the Symphony to local industries so successfully that, before long, blocks of tickets were being awarded to workers as prizes for unbroken attendance records at the plants. This happy development partially removed the burden of support from wealthy patrons, and transferred it to the more numerous workmen and their employers.

Soon, the orchestra company was receiving revenue from unexpected sources. Acquisition of the building had carried with it a couple of parking lots, and they returned an impressive income. Concert artists using the Music Hall for solo recitals produced more income; the booking office took over management of Symphony artists who appeared as

soloists and added these fees to the rising total. And every Saturday night, the chemical company sponsored the Symphony on the Mutual network, coast to coast.

Meanwhile, the roving Reichhold was everywhere—including Chicago where he urged James Caesar Petrillo to exempt the Detroit Symphony from the AFM's ban on recordings. As a persuading point, he said his company was making an unbreakable, plastic phonograph record blank, and that he might go into the recording business with the orchestra. After a satisfactory conference with the music czar, Reichhold bought a small company called Vox Records and added it to the pool.

In 1946, he bought the magazine Musical Digest of New York, then the coast-to-coast Sunday evening hour from 8 to 9 o'clock (EST), competing with Charlie McCarthy and Fred Allen for an audience. The magazine sponsored the network hour, with the result that its circulation soared.

Today, Reichhold Chemicals, Inc., owns both the record company and the magazine, but Reichhold is still pressing ahead. He joined Daniel Rybb of New York, who produces the "Carnegie Pop Concerts" at Carnegie Hall. The income from this lucrative venture went into the pool, too. When the Detroit Symphony appeared at Carnegie Hall under Dr. Krueger in 1945, it drew critical acclaim. Such prestige re-established it as one of the leading orchestras in America.

It took several seasons to teach Reichhold the harsh truth that attendance will never meet the ex-

penses of a big symphony orchestra. Once having comprehended that fact, he turned toward incomeproducing property and radio revenues as a twin-tailed financial anchor. The Detroit Orchestra, Inc., receives income from the Vox Record Company, the Musical Digest and the Music Hall building. As long as Reichhold stays at the helm, this complex enterprise will likely prosper. His staff, wide-eved with admiration, says that he has never failed at anything.

YURRENTLY, REICHHOLD is deeply U interested in music as a means of cultivating international friendship. This explains the recent Reichhold Music Awards—to stimulate composers in North and South America. The first prize, \$25,000, will permit a composer to devote his full time to true American classics, perhaps comparable in stature to those of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. Meanwhile, to the Detroit Symphony will go the privilege of being the first performers and exponents of these works.

Reichhold is busier today than at

any time in his unique career. 0 casionally he takes time off to hunting in Canada. On other occ sions he turns up unexpectedly New York art galleries, waiting i that deceptive attitude of indoleno until he sees a Rubens or a Va Dyck coming under the hammer Then, according to friends, "he i galvanized into action as if shot ou of a cannon."

Recently he gave a \$20,00 Rubens to the Detroit Institute of Arts. He also evinces interest in th works of capable Detroit artist whose pictures hang in the Music Hall's lounges as a lure to Sym phony patrons during intermission Com

Reichhold indulges various cul tural tastes, but somehow each pur chase he makes fits into his master corn pattern for the Detroit Symphony —each brings the orchestra a step nearer permanent financial inde It's pendence. Just how long it will take "sym before he achieves this objective cours no one can say. But Detroit, know fornia ing that Henry Reichhold has never saw a lost a battle, knows that he will an oa win this one too-and with plenty of time to spare.



With all the patience of the very old, our mailbox waits at the end of the lane, its head thrust forward as if to ask: "Any news for me today?" -MRS. RUTH S. COOPER, in Farm Journal

Then a silence fell and the clock took over the conversation. -Mrs. S. H. PRUITT, in Farm Journal

Today I was put in my proper place by my four-year-old, who said, "Mother, don't talk so frowny to me."

-MRS. ELMO HAZELWOOD, in Farm Journal

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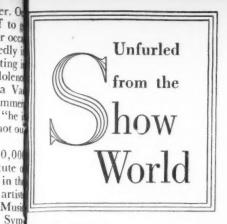
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s cul Sound was first introduced into the h pur movies when they installed popnaster corn machines in the lobby.

-GROUCHO MARX

a step inde It's wonderful to listen to those I take "symphonies under the stars." Of ctive course, it doesn't rain here in Caliknow fornia, but it's the first time I ever never saw a bass fiddle being played with will an oar. - Bob Hope in Tales of Hoffman lenty

Star Grazing

America's best buy for a nickel is a telephone call to the right man.

-ILKA CHASE

When Victor Mature arrived in Hollywood, hungry but hopeful, several years ago, he sent this telegram to his father, Marcellius G. Mature, the refrigeration magnate: ARRIVED IN CALIFORNIA WITH 11 CENTS IN MY POCKET. LOVE AND KISSES, VICTOR

His father replied immediately: FORTY-THREE YEARS AGO I ARRIVED IN NEW YORK WITH FIVE CENTS AND COULD NOT SPEAK ENGLISH. YOU CAN SPEAK ENGLISH AND YOU HAVE SIX CENTS MORE THAN I HAD. LOVE AND KISSES, DAD

> -From Man on the Halfshell by FREDERICK OTHMAN, Whittlesey House

Why shouldn't I like to be an actress? Forty seconds in front of the cameras and I'm ahead another swimming pool.

-ROSALIND RUSSELL in Tales of Hoffman

Ethel Barrymore, who began her motion-picture career in 1914 and had won fame on the stage before that, was inviting friends to her birthday party.

"Will there be a birthday cake?"

asked one of them.

"Yes," replied Ethel.

"And candles?"

Ethel looked at her coldly. "It's to be a birthday party," she said, "not a torchlight procession."

Air Lines

On the New Look: A few years ago, if a fellow wondered whether or not his girl had knock-knees, he just looked. Now, he has to listen. -Fibber McGee and Molly Program, NBC

I've heard that in Eskimoland they kiss with their noses. There I'd be the Clark Gable!

-Jimmy Durante Show, NBC

Two men were talking. The first man said, "These shoes are so tight, they're killing me!"

The second man said, "Well, if they're so tight, why don't you take

'em off?"

"Listen," answered the first man, "when I get home tonight, supper won't be ready; and if it is, it won't be fit to eat. It isn't bad enough I've gotta look at my mother-inlaw, but I've gotta listen to her, too. My daughter married a man I can't stand, and they've got four of the meanest kids that ever walked. My loafin' brother-in-law will be sittin' in the only easy chair in the house, and the only pleasure I have when I get home is taking off these tight shoes!"

-AUNT FANNY on Breakfast Club, ABC

Columns Write

At Coq Rouge, a Polish visitor was asked: "How are trade relations between Russia and Poland?"

"Oh, most cordial," he said.
"We are sending them our textiles:
in return they are taking our coal."

—WALTER WINCHELL

In a Park Avenue hotel, an unmarried couple occupy a single room, with the full knowledge and consent of the management. The Delmonico Hotel register has their single-room listing, for all to see: "Mr. Peter Donald III and Miss Grace Severy." The hotel bills are addressed to the couple this way.

The parents of Mr. Peter Donald III live across the hallway. They tried to get an extra room to their suite, to accommodate their son and Miss Severy, but couldn't. The unmarried couple therefore was registered into the single room across the hall.

Peter Donald III is a year old. Miss Severy is his nurse.

-LEONARD LYONS

One producer has this framed quote displayed in his office: "He who works with his hands is a laborer. He who works with his hands and his head is a craftsman. He who works with his hands and head an heart is an artist."—WALTER WINCHES

Cellulines

As soon as I make a nobody into a somebody, he begins to think I'm a nobody and I have to look for somebody else.

—Sam Goldwin

A young movie starlet asked the studio still-photographer for one of her pictures.

"Would you like it mounted?" inquired the photographer.

"Oh, that would be wonderful," replied the starlet. "I look so much better on a horse."

-from Hollywood Merry-Go-Round by Andrew Hecht, Grosset and Dunla

The star was his own most adoring fan. So naturally he took pleasure in reading his fan mail. One letter in particular intrigued him.

It began: "I think you're a great artist, a handsome man, and a person who will live long in the hearts of the American public...."

It went along in that vein for several pages, then ended with this postscript: "Please excuse crayon, as they will not let me use anything sharp here."

—MAX A. FOSTM

Coronet invites contributions for "Unfulled from the Show World." Send us that gag you heard on the radio, that quip from stage and screen, and anecdotes about show business, but be sure to state the source of material you submit. Payment for switable items will be made upon publication. Address your contributions to "Unfurled from the Show World" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Sorry, but no "Show World" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

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New Life FOR **SLUM BABIES**

Amid poverty and disease, the Chicago Maternity Center wages a fight for life

s THE SIGNAL flashed on the nearts A switchboard, the young doctor nodded tersely to the nurse at the n for far corner of the room.

h this "Now?" she inquired with her ayon, eves as she moved briskly toward thing him. The doctor nodded again as FOSTER he reached for his kit.

Quickly, as if by magic, they were joined by another young man furled with a black bag. Then, pushing nt gag from open the door, they ran down the show steps to a waiting car.

The trio sat in silence as the suitgleaming machine sped through ation. dark, dingy streets. Four minutes furled later, it came to a halt in an alley littered with garbage cans.

> The two young men and the woman ran toward a wooden shack with a battered tin chimney. A group of grimy laborers and their thin-faced, haggard wives followed

them with expressionless eyes as they entered the shack.

Once again—for time was now of the essence—the three moved quickly. While the young medical student led a bewildered man and two frightened children outside, the nurse furiously scrubbed the kitchen sink. A few feet away, in a creaking bed, a dazed woman looked up at the intern who bent over her.

Thirty minutes later the medical team - now in immaculate and sterile white—proceeded to its main task. Suddenly a sharp, piercing wail filled the room, and the nurse smiled. Another baby had been born, healthy and sound, in the heart of Chicago's slums.

Although the account just given may seem melodramatic, it is merely an unadorned description of a "routine" case—one of approximately 2,000 a year—handled by the Chicago Maternity Center. It is part of a grim, heroic story of a struggle for life amidst incredible poverty, disease and ignorance.

While childbirth in the U.S. continues to exact a ghastly toll of 6,000 women annually and causes the death of almost twice as many infants injured during delivery, the Chicago Maternity Center delivered 1,996 women of 2,021 babies during 1946 with only two deaths among patients. And its 14-year record of one death for every 969 live births is 100 per cent better than the nation-wide figure!

What makes the record even more startling is the fact that the center delivers its patients not in spotless, modern hospitals but in

squalid slum homes.

The secret of the Maternity Center's unusual success is based on the knowledge that more than 50 per cent of the nation's deaths in childbirths may be attributed to ignorance or negligence, and on the simple conviction that the women of Chicago's slums deserve care equal to that given the city's wealthy. And that means careful and constant medical attention before, during and after labor.

The Center's staff knows, of course, that childbirth is a "normal" function, but it knows, too, that germs are "normal" because they are everywhere. The grim nature of the Center's task is graphically recorded in case histories. For example, take the case of a 17-year-old girl and her husband who lived with four other couples in a first-floor flat.

When the Center's team arrived. they found the back yard and basement alive with rats; roaches and bedbugs in every room-and four tie hens and a rooster in the bathroom.

While one member of the team fought off vermin, the others set up a kitchen table for delivery. Then, because the baby had to be turned and its malposition corrected, the doctor went to work with forceps. When, after a desperate struggle, he delivered a healthy nine-pound girl, he faced an even bigger problem. How was he going to safeguard the baby against rats, bugs and chickens?

A battered piano in the "living room" provided a solution. They made a crib of a scoured dishpan. padded it, put the baby in and tied fly-netting to the rim. Then they placed the pan on top of the piano and assigned a member of the fam-

ily to guard it.

Of course, the Center could have avoided all responsibility by hospitalizing the patient prior to delivery. But hospitals are overcrowded, and interns get invalu- ch able experience working under home conditions. Besides, the Center's attitude is realistic. If the child was to overcome the hazards of environment, a ten-day postpone- fo ment in a hospital would hardly be the solution. It was the Center's job to teach the mother how to p protect and care for her child, and on this it did.

N ORDER TO CARRY out its avowed to aims, the Center goes into action I long before childbirth takes place. 0 By word of mouth, by radio, by it pleas throughout the slum area and the by informational programs, the n Center urges expectant mothers to f register. There are no fees, for the a

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Center is a philanthropic institution supported chiefly by public contributions.

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Once the patient has registered at the clinic, obstetricians examine her from head to foot, and her physical and family history is recorded. In matters of diet, the doctors tell patients what to eat and, if necessary, help them to obtain such foods. They teach the women personal cleanliness and hygiene, and hold periodic classes and lectures.

No registered patient is permitted to "drop out" because of inertia or unwillingness. If a woman fails to visit the clinic on schedule, a nurse or social worker is usually sent to the home. In case of illness, a doctor examines the patient periodically. In an average year the Center's staff makes from 12,000 to 15,000 home visits.

The importance of the Center's by hos- welfare program cannot be exaggerated. For example, of the stagover gering number of deaths due to invalu- childbirth, about one in four is under caused by toxic poisoning. The ne Cen- symptoms of such a condition are ne child discernible to a conscientious phys of en- sician, and there is rarely an excuse for death from toxemia if the pahardly tient is examined regularly.

At the first sign of labor, word is phoned to the Center by husband or neighbor — often from a corner saloon or grocery store—and an interne, a medical student and a avowed trained nurse rush to the home. action Their most difficult task-yet the place. one that pays the biggest dividends lio, by in human life—is to make certain ea and that no germs are present. They s, the may have to work in a two-room hers to flat where the bedroom and kitchen for the are indivisible, but they must make the place as safe as the shiniest operating room.

Sometimes the medical team gets more than it has bargained for. On one occasion, a harassed husband who found the long wait prior to delivery too much for his nerves, armed himself with a carving knife, brandished it before the team's eyes and issued an ultimatum: either deliver a live baby within a matter of minutes-or else. It took lots of talk to calm the husband-and the medical team, too.

In another case which necessitated immediate removal of the patient to a hospital, the team. finding a rear exit blocked by icecovered stairs, hacked its way into another flat with an ax and, to the astonishment of two deaf men in long underwear, carried the mother out the front.

Even during its work, the team manages to get word to the Center about the patient's progress. If there is the slightest trouble, an expert obstetrician is rushed to the home. If blood plasma is needed, the Cook County Blood Bank dispatches it at once.

Although the Center's concern with safety is manifested in its longterm record, every confinement report ends on a demanding note: "Tell what you might have done and what to do better next time." No doctor at the Center is exempt from this challenge. It is practical medicine at its best.

LTHOUGH THE CENTER as such A has been in existence only since 1932, its history—which is no less dramatic than its task—dates back to February, 1895, when young Dr. Joseph B. De Lee, appalled by the high maternal death rate among Chicago's poor, decided to

do something about it.

Without means, and armed only with courage and ideals, he offered medical aid to expectant mothers. Daily, in sleet and snow, he wandered through the slums, inquiring endlessly where his services could be utilized.

Finally he rented a stall near the present Center. Lacking even an ordinary sterilizer, he used two bricks, an enamel pan and a tiny Bunsen burner to boil his instruments. From this small stall—the Maxwell Street Dispensary—Dr. De Lee and a few inspired doctors and nurses went into the slums to fight dirt, germs and ignorance.

During the Depression, when the Dispensary's sponsors lacked money, Dr. De Lee, by then one of the nation's top obstetricians, went into action again. His philosophy was simple: "When I started, I had neither patients nor clinic nor funds. Now at least I have patients and a clinic." His appeal was successful, and the old dispensary became the present Center.

The Center's remarkable record has not only attracted obstetricians from every state in the union but has also drawn doctors and nurses from all parts of the globe for study and training. Despite its reputation, however, the Center has no intention of resting on its laurels. Cook County Hospital has recently called upon it to care for an even greater number of patients, while Dr. Beatrice Tucker, director, and Dr. Harry Benaron, associate director, are still dissatisfied with results.

Only when the Center's — and the nation's—maternal death rate reads 0.00 will these health crusaders admit that their long-range goal has finally been achieved.

THEY HELP TO MAKE THE HOUSE A HOME

Over the Years, the illuminations of quotations in Coronet have received wide acclaim for artistic beauty and significance of meaning. Arthur Szyk, noted illustrator, has taken simple truths, conceived by the minds of the great, and presented them in the rich and colorful medieval tradition.

The demand for reprints has been so great that the Editors of Coronet have selected five of the illustrated proverbs, matted them for framing and enclosed them in colorful folders, reminiscent of the old-fashioned needlepoint sampler. Now these sets of five, each including The Lord's Prayer, are available to our readers. Framed and hung upon the wall, they will help tastefully to make your house a home. Or perhaps you would like to send them as greeting cards to friends, in order to convey an enduring message of sentiment and inspiration.

You may order as many folders as you wish by simply sending 50 cents for each set (in check or money order) to Coronet Readers' Service, Coronet Building, Chi-

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Gallery of Photographs

Contributors to this issue:

BUDI RADA (Title Page)

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IRVING BERMAN

K. V. ARNIZEN

JENO DALNOKI

JOAN WHITNEY

WARD ALLAN HOME



Sugar Candy

Frank Scherschel; New York, N. Y.



living Berman; Brooklyn, N. Y.

Old King Cool



Stork Club

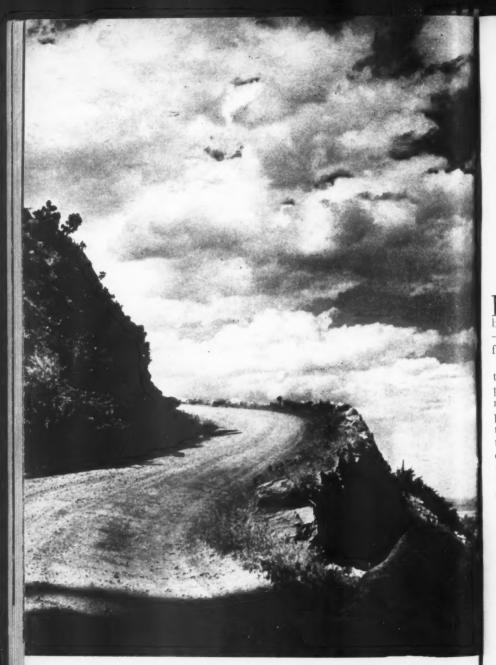




Ring Master

Jenő Dalnoki; Budapest, Hungary





Highway to the Clouds

Ward Allan Howe; New York, N. Y.

TRAVEL TRICKS for SUMMER DRIVERS

Here are facts every motorist should know about planning a vacation trip

by NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

PLANNING A VACATION trip in the family car this summer? It can be a grand and glorious experience—or a rolling nightmate. Take it from us: we have reason to know.

In the past three years we have traveled 100,000 miles in every part of the U.S. We have made five round trips across the continent, plus a number of 1,500- to 2,500-mile jaunts. On most of these journeys we have had the company of our two children. We made our first transcontinental trip when the younger boy was only six weeks old, and his brother a boisterous three and a half years.

You might think that after all this family traveling we'd be fed up on long trips by car. On the contrary, we are constantly seeking a new excuse for another tour. Of course there were times in our early days when travel was grim and gruesome; we made all the mistakes in the book. But gradually we have solved all our problems.

Analyzing these problems, we

found they fell into nine categories. Perhaps the answers, which we learned the hard way, will help you to get more fun from your vacation trip this year.

1. The best route to follow. The big oil companies maintain travel advisory bureaus and they'll solve this problem for you—free. You merely write to the company, telling them where you want to go, and back comes a map marked with red lines showing your route. However, you will help a lot by giving them certain information.

First: Be sure to tell just where you are going, listing any towns you wish to pass through.

Second: Tell them when you're going. If you plan to leave a month hence, there may be highway changes coming up.

Third: Tell them whether you want to follow the shortest route or the most scenic one.

Fourth: Relate any special conditions that have a bearing on your trip. For example, one man with

a heart condition that prohibited high altitudes asked an adviser to plan a trip West that would not take him above 5,000 feet.

2. The budget. Vacation trips cost money—but how much? We have found a tremendous variation in our basic expenses. On one nineday, 3,000-mile, coast-to-coast trip with the two children, our expenses for lodging, food, gas and oil averaged \$19 per day. On a similar trip, we spent \$23.50 a day. Better restaurants and lodging made the difference. On the other hand, on a leisurely two-week trip 2,200 miles down the Atlantic Coast and back by an inland route, our average was only \$14 a day.

Of course, there are other expenses—souvenirs, film, snacks to munch in the car. But don't carry your entire vacation fund in cash. Instead, get travelers' checks at any bank. The cost is slight, and if they are lost or stolen the issuing

company makes good.

You can also reduce cash requirements by arranging for a credit card with one of the oil companies, which will be honored at any of its stations en route.

3. Reservations in advance? We've done it both ways, and now believe in traveling without reservations because of the comparative freedom it gives you. However, if you want the assurance of a place to stay, it is wise to make reservations two weeks ahead. And it's quite legitimate if they ask a deposit—\$5 is customary.

How do you pick an auto court in advance? Well, that's a somewhat risky business, but we got lists of facilities by writing to:

Ray A. Walker, Haverhill 1,

Massachusetts. Lists cabins, cottages and courts along the Eastern Seaboard and in Eastern Canada. Ten-cent stamp.

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United Motor Courts, Inc., 751 Government Street, Mobile 21, Alabama. Lists courts in 30 states from California to New Jersey.

Five-cent stamp.

Quality Courts United, Inc., Travelers Motor Hotel, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Lists courts in Eastern U.S. from Pennsylvania through Florida.

For hotel accommodations, you can get names from the *Hotel Red Book*, which you may consult without charge at any local hotel.

4. The things to take. Here is the list of equipment that we consider essential to pleasant touring:

A first-aid kit.

Soap, towels, washcloths, cleansing tissues.

Soap flakes, a small washboard and a bag for soiled clothing.

Two flashlights. If we have a flat tire at night, one is used to work by, the other placed back of the car as a warning to motorists.

Three sets of car keys. One for each of us, and one which we hide in the taillight—just in case.

An alarm clock. In auto courts, there's no clerk to wake you.

An electric iron. Your biggest suitcase, padded with towels, makes a good ironing board.

A can opener and bottle opener. If you can't find a good place to eat, there's always a grocery near-by.

5. How to pack the car. The first time we made a transcontinental trip, we filled every nook with such last-minute items as the electric iron, the alarm clock, and raincoats. The second morning on the road, other loose items that had escaped the suitcases were added to the collection. Soiled clothing piled up, too, until we had numerous little bundles tucked into corners of the trunk.

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When we had a flat tire, we had to remove half the contents of the bulging trunk to get at the tire; the other half came out before the tools could be found. Then there were the coats and jackets, the "good clothes" which we didn't want to pack into jammed suitcases. Folded loosely on one side of the back seat, they finally grew up to the roof. A state trooper, observing the mound, observed mildly: "When you're moving, Bud, you ought to fix it so you can see out the rear window."

For our next trip we acquired a luggage carrier, the kind that goes on top of the car. Ours cost \$15, with a canvas cover for \$5. It holds four to six suitcases, leaving the car and trunk clear for items that are more frequently needed.

There was a time when we divided the suitcases on the basis of which was whose. But now we divide on a functional basis. Thus, one suitcase contains all the sleeping garments for the family. While mother is getting the children to bed, father readjusts the luggage carrier and brings in the rest of the needed luggage when bedtime confusion is over.

6. Children! We make a lot of unscheduled stops at public parks and playgrounds to make the hectic business of traveling with children easier. Kept in the car hour after hour, they build up tension. If there isn't a playground handy, just let them get out and run.

7. Places to eat. Cleanliness, to

us, is more important than fancy dishes. When in doubt we look for a gleaming diner, because it has no behind-the-scenes culinary mysteries. The cooking is done right before your eyes.

When traveling with children, eat at off hours. For us, that means early. We sail into a restaurant at 11:15 for lunch, to find empty tables, idle waitresses, and hot food

that is just ready.

Since food is the biggest item in your vacation budget, savings can be important. We know families who prepare their breakfasts with portable electric appliances, pack their own lunches and eat picnic-style meals at roadside parks.

8. Places to sleep. There was a time when nightfall would find us with no place to stay. There just weren't enough tourist courts to go around. Now we always stop driving between 3 and 4:30 P.M. so that we have time to pick and choose.

If traveling with children, select the kind of tourist court in which the cabins are separated by garages. Then, if your children are noisy nobody will hear them. Also look for a court with a large lawn or play area protected from traffic.

9. Information, please! No matter how well-planned your trip may be, you will still need information en route. One morning, while driving through West Virginia, we ran into ice on the mountainous highways. There were other possible routes, but which ones could we count on? It finally occurred to us to talk to the state police.

We pulled in at a barracks, where a courteous patrolman acted as if his sole job was to plan routes for tourists. He consulted his radio operator and picked a new highway, which eventually took us 400 miles south of our intended route. But we went on our way without ice or further trouble.

This and subsequent experiences have convinced us that the state troopers are always eager to help. So why not look upon them as your

dlers three.

friends, rather than as eagle-eyed minions of the law who are ready to pounce on the motorist for the slightest traffic violation? In our nine-point travel program, we have learned that the state troopers can help to make the Great American Highway Tour a lot easier and a lot more fun.

Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

Trip Around the World (Quiz on page 15)

Food: 1.d; 2.g; 3.i; 4.c; 5.h; 6.b; 7.j; 8.a; 9.f; 10.e. People: 1.f; 2.e; 3.a; 4.h; 5.j; 6.i; 7.d; 8.b; 9.c; 10.g. Languages: 1.f; 2.e; 3.g; 4.h; 5.j; 6.a; 7.i; 8.b; 9.d; 10.c.

One, Two, Three—Sing

Memory Test: 1. yet; 2. the; 3. buffalo; 4. pledge; 5. western. Phony Words: 1. "True" should be "do"; 2. "Apple" blossom wedding; 3. "Sparrows" should be "swallows"; 4. "River" should be "alley"; 5. "Picardy," not "Araby." Hidden Instruments: 1. Guitar; 2. Fiddle; 3. Harp; 4. Horn; 5. Fid-

Famous Fourths (Quiz on page 119)

1. James Madison; 2. Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy. (King James Version); 3. South America; 4. Chicago Cubs in 1907; 5. George IV and William IV; 6. Civil War; 7. New Mexico; 8. Numbers; 9. "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures..."; 10. Ohio; 11. Time; 12. The Temple of Artemis; 13. Death; 14. The press; 15. The United States; 16. Claudius; 17. Secretary of State; 18. Charles A. Lindbergh; 19. Uranus; 20. Athens, 1906; 21. Detroit (1940); 22. Most bridge enthusiasts would choose the originator of systematic bidding, expert Ely Culbertson; 23. Ch'in (255-206); 24. Books; 25. Four Britons: Lord Balfour, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and John Gorst, whose political activities won them that nickname in the 19th century; 26. John; 27. Ohio (1940); 28. 256; 29. King Henry IV, Part 1; 30. Lake Erie.

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a Million Eyes

by ELLISEVA SAYERS

Your life is an open book to James Clyde Capt, head of the U. S. Census Bureau

A T SUITLAND, ON THE PLACID outskirts of Washington, D.C., is a man with a load of secrets. Billions of them, about you and me and our affairs, tucked away in wooden boxes. The secrets are used daily for our benefit; but they are never revealed.

James Clyde Capt, florid and smiling at 60, is the man who makes everybody's business his own. He has done so for more than seven years as director of the greatest statistical machine in the world, the U.S. Census Bureau.

Capt is a safe man with a secret, for he wisely confesses to knowing very little about the information guarded by his machine. Yet a thousand men could not hope to learn in a thousand years a tithe of the secrets stored at Suitland. They go back 16 decennial censuses to 1790, revealing a panorama of change and amazing growth.

Less than two years from now, Capt will send forth an army of inquiring men and women. A stranger will knock at your door and ask you how much money you earn and many other personal questions. You will be compelled by law to answer, but you need have no anxiety on that account. The door knocker is sworn to secrecy. Breaking this oath, or giving false reports, can mean a fine up to \$2,000 or five years in jail, or both.

The rule of secrecy is rigidly observed. Even high government officials cannot wheedle personal information from the oysterlike census

eyed eady the our nave can ican machine, in which people become mere data.

Some 150,000 men and women will spearhead the biggest counting of persons and goods in American history, the 1950 census. Some will set out on an adventure full of perils, others will simply tread pavements, ring bells, fill in forms. Some will question sourdoughs in Alaska, Japs in Hawaii or moonshiners in the mountains.

Some will ride aerial tramways 10,000 feet up an incline to question a dozen people at a tungsten mine; others in California will climb 8,000 feet above sea level or down 200 feet into Death Valley. A few will range hundreds of miles of rugged canyons to reach prospectors, or carry shovels to dig snowdrifts—as one enumerator had to do in 1940 to reach a family snowed in all winter. In Alaska the enumerator may use a dog sled, in southern Louisiana a pirogue.

THE ORIGINAL PURPOSE of the census was to allow a fair distribution of seats in Congress among the states. This still holds good. But the census has grown far beyond its original purpose: it is now the world's greatest statistical factory, for which the door knockers find the essential raw human material. They call on 40,000,000 families, 5,800,000 farms, 3,000,000 businesses, more than 200,000 manufacturing plants and 12,000 mines. Among the subjects they chart are population, every ten years; agriculture, every five years; manufactures, every two years.

Within a few months after enumerators take the data about population and at regular intervals thereafter, results will be published in a hundred volumes, a thousand bulletins. There will be about 1,500 separate units totaling more than 125,000 pages. All essential data will be covered in a year.

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Geographical work is the basis of every census. In 1947, some 60,000 aerial photographs of the U.S. were made and enlarged. These photographs helped geographers divide the country into 147,000 maps, each containing a separate route for each census taker. The maps are so finely detailed that they even include alleyways. In a crowded city one route may cover two blocks; in a rural area, many square miles. Thus no person is omitted or duplicated.

Before a question is asked of the public, technical people and business experts are consulted. Capt contacts chambers of commerce, trade statistical organizations, clubs, representatives of large and small groups of citizens. Letters are mailed in great numbers, inviting suggestions for questions.

Of the questions submitted for the last census, many were impractical, nonessential and crank—such as a request for the number of blondes, brunettes and redheads; or the yearning of cemetery operators to know how many people own burial plots; or the religious groups which would have each person asked if he believed in God.

Capt selects the questions of greatest value to the largest number of people, then submits them to citizens' advisory committees, nationally known statisticians, scientists, representatives of business, industry, labor and the public. A few dozen survive.

The questions are thereupon tried

out on unsuspecting people. If their answers give the desired information the questions are retained. If

not, they are revised.

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The country is broken up by experts into 1,000 districts, with 150-000 people to a district. Each district would have approximately 150 door knockers, so that each one is responsible for about a thousand people. Dotted about the country, at strategic points, are area supervisors, regional managers and technical officers.

By means of sampling, a miniature population comprising 25,000 households in 60 areas has been analyzed monthly for the past few years. This has given valuable information about the whole population and has shown extraordinary changes during what would otherwise have been a ten-year gap in

our knowledge.

It has enabled the technicians to deal with familiar problems that had been neglected. For instance, they studied the method of approach by the enumerators, taught them how to avoid being led off on a tangent by a too-friendly housewife, or to turn down kindly a lonely bachelor's proposal; how to count travelers and guests, and to make sure the newest baby is included. Quite a large percentage of parents forget to include the last baby, sometimes the last two! And though it sounds incredible, one mother of a family of 17 actually omitted the last four in the 1940 census.

Enumerators are paid on a piecerate basis. In 1940, this was set to yield \$4 a day; now it is expected to be around \$10. At this figure, training that saves even one day's work will reduce the cost of the next census by about \$1,500,000.

The success of the 1950 census depends largely on the preparatory work now going on—and that includes fantastic new Wellsian machinery. The basic device that enables us to find out so much in such a short time is the punched card, a versatile piece of cardboard with almost human adaptability. It is finely ruled, with punched holes which indicate certain facts according to their position.

A typical card with 80 columns containing 57 punched holes can be translated into the biography of a man in South Bend, Indiana, aged 56, living in a two-family house valued at \$8,740 with a wife whose education stopped at the

fourth grade.

Although the card contains no words, it tells these and other essential facts to the machine in fractions of a second, by means of electrical contacts made through the punched holes. While the Census Bureau already possesses the most complicated machinery in the world to code, edit and tabulate replies to its questions, new machinery will cut out much tedious punch-hole work formerly done by hand and will answer questions at phenomenal speed.

At Suitland, men and women now translate information from questionnaires into push holes by means of hand-operated machines, working with touch-tape efficiency. They read and copy between 1,000 and 1,500 cards a day from the handwritten reports. In the year from July, 1946, through June, 1947, they punched 27,966,000 cards. With the 1950 census much of this hole-punching work will be

done wholly by mechanical and uable by-products are neglected, electrical devices.

Experiments using an incredible new invention have been carried out under C. F. van Aken, Chief of Machine Tabulation. Recently, reports reached Suitland of the first tests of the "pen with a voice" in four cities-Cincinnati, Louisville, Altoona and Charlotte, Each door knocker interviewed about 1,500 people, underlined their answers on the schedules with a pen, using ink that conducts electricity. The machine is adjusted to these ink marks which cause holes to be punched, thus eliminating the entire manual punch-hole operation.

What are the practical applications of such involved calculations? For one thing, the Census Bureau makes a tabulation of all American exports each month, a terrific job. Last year, when the Navy Hydrographic Office wanted current and temperature data, the Bureau put through its assembly lines the observations of 2,000,000 mariners. taken over a period of 20 years in all oceans. It accepted this job as a

matter of routine.

An increased demand for statistics by public and private agencies developed during the war and still exists. Even so, Capt believes more people should take advantage of the material at their disposal. Not enough teachers, not enough scientists, not enough businessmen are aware of this encyclopedic machine and the infinite practical benefits they could derive from it. All they have to do is ask. It is a public service for private enterprise, which could be used in a thousand ways by resourceful individuals.

"A great many extremely val-

and we need only an outside stimulus to dig them up," says Capt.

But \$40,000 is all the Bureau was allowed for publicity this year for use by its Office of Information. Thus you have the anomaly of two publications—the Statistical Abstract of the United States, the most complete record of this country, published by the Census Bureau, printing only 18,000 copies; while the World Almanac, depending on Census figures and facts for about ten per cent of its contents, prints 550,-000 to 600,000 copies.

CO CURIOUS HAS CAPT been about O other people and things in his nine years at the Census Bureau that he hasn't had time to find out a vital fact about himself. He is one of 60,000,000 Americans who could not prove he was born in America unless he had a search made among the wooden boxes stacked high in the corridors outside his office. He was born in Texas at a time when it was not compulsory to have births registered.

"In those days," he says, "the birth of a child wasn't too important. A good bull calf meant more."

As many as 600,000 Americanborn people have asked for such a birth search in a single year. It costs \$1, and evidence is provided from auxiliary records or enumerators' records.

Before joining the Bureau in 1939 as assistant director, Capt had been successively a railroad employee, a small businessman and an owner of dairy-product plants, until he entered public service as field representative for the Texas Relief Commission and executive

officer of the WPA. Then Harry Hopkins observed Capt's ability to turn dry statistics into facts that made sense for the average citizen.

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as ve Soon Capt and his machine will be tackling a task never yet attempted: cooperation with other Western Hemisphere nations for a complete census of the American hemisphere in 1950. The count will involve 300,000,000 people from 20 Central and South American states, Canada and the U.S. A census of farm products, live-

stock, forest products, fibers, raw materials, housing and soil conditions in Latin America will also be made, providing a fillip to American foreign trade. Industrialists will use these figures to map future projects, armed with a knowledge of the terrain and people with whom they wish to do business. Ten years ago, such grandiose plans would have been regarded as pure fancy—and rightly so. For at that time there was no machine with a prodigious vision and brain.

Nothing to Fear

I LEARNED A GREAT DEAL about prayer from my grandmother, a strong, simple, old-fashioned woman with whom my brother and I used to spend our summers. She lived in a little town in the

Midwest, in an old-fashioned house typical of that region. Every evening after supper, she would read to us by a kerosene lamp, then escort us upstairs to bed.

It was a great highposted bed laid with

handmade quilts, and had a feather-bed mattress in which we would sink so deep that only our ears protruded. She would put the lamp on a stand and kneel by our bed. Then she would talk to the Lord as to one with whom she was well acquainted and—as I see it now—to reassure us.

"Oh Lord," her prayer ran, "I hate to put these two little fellows away off here in this bedroom. When I take this light away it is

going to be very dark, and they may be scared. But they do not need to be, because You are here, and You are going to watch over them all through the night. You will watch over them all their life

> long, too, if they are good boys. Now, Lord, I ask You to watch over the pillows of these little fellows this night."

> Then she would lift the lamp, the glow fading upon the wall as she moved from the room.

The last sounds we would hear were her soft footfalls, dying away as she passed down the steps. Then my brother and I would huddle together in that big bed, locking up into the darkness and in imagination seeing a great, kindly face peering down.

Soon we would be sleeping peacefully, reassured by those simple words of grandmother's: "You are going to watch over them all through the pight"

all through the night."

-From A Guide to Confident Living by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Prentice Hall

CINCINNATI'S WAR on DEATH

How a remarkable civic clearinghouse is "selling" the message of health

by JACK H. POLLACK

A CINCINNATI SCHOOLBOY came home one day last winter complaining of a stomach-ache. His grandmother was about to administer castor oil when the boy's mother remembered reading a streetcar poster warning against laxatives in such cases. She phoned the doctor instead. An hour later the child's inflamed appendix was successfully removed.

"I didn't save your son's life," the doctor told the grateful mother. "It was you and the Federation."

Though scoffing at a stomachache still kills thousands of Americans annually, Cincinnati's alert Public Health Federation—which posted the streetcar sign—has long waged war on needless disease and death. Over and over again, through newspapers, radio and printed literature, the Federation has warned against treating a

stomach-ache casually with home remedies. So effective has been the campaign that a City Council member once twitted a Federation official: "Why don't you let up on this appendicitis business? I see or hear it every time I turn around."

But the Federation refused to let up. Today Cincinnati, which a dozen years ago had one of the nation's highest appendicitis death rates, boasts one of the lowest, having cut it a dramatic 82 per cent. As for diphtheria, last year Cincinnati had only one resident death—a record difficult to duplicate in cities of comparable size!

Not long ago, tuberculosis cast its ominous shadow over Cincinnati's poor whites and Negroes. But TB deaths during the past decade have been reduced 35 per cent. So it goes with most of the contagious diseases. And yet this

priceless legacy being passed on to Cincinnati's children didn't just magically happen. It is due to teamwork achieved through the nonpolitical, businesslike Federation, a health-conscious clearing-

house 365 days a year.

Literally a "federation," all of Cincinnati's health forces belong to it, including 56 public and private health agencies, the city and county health departments, the medical, dental, nursing and pharmaceutical professions, plus 40 civic and welfare bodies. It began 31 years ago when public-spirited groups banded together to battle the city's health problems.

At that time there was no county health department and no health service in surrounding communities. The tuberculosis hospital consisted of several run-down buildings. The only public clinic was in the city hospital's basement, miles from the slum area where the need was greatest. Private health workers had no contact with the medical society, while doctors regarded them

with suspicion.

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The Federation helped immeasurably to change all this after Bleecker Marquette, its dynamic executive secretary for the past 27 years, took over. A small, energetic man who continually reminds wealthy Cincinnatians of their city's squalor, the 55-year-old Marquette -collateral descendant of Mississippi discoverer Father Marquette -is doing his missionary work in exploring new health horizons along the grimy Ohio River.

His creative, unorthodox community service has attracted a corps of unselfish, indefatigable fellowwarriors against disease and death, many of them volunteers. White and Negro, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, their battle is grimly waged from an old red-brick building in downtown Cincinnati.

All kinds of people hopefully enter it with all sorts of ailments, to cry on the Federation's shoulder and confide in it almost as they would in their family doctor. Though the staff cannot diagnose illness, it guides citizens to the right place for health assistance. Its most important activity, however, is health education.

Aware that millions of Americans are still ignorant of the simple facts about health and disease, the Federation uses modern advertising methods and catchy slogans to "sell" its message. Easy-to-read posters on streetcars and busses (the space bought at reduced rates) give helpful hints on such subjects as cancer, diabetes, home accidents, baby care and rat control. Illustrated posters, changed monthly, are displayed in factories, stores and public buildings.

Another effective publicity device is the daily health column the Federation has written for the Cincinnati Times-Star the past 15 years. One of the paper's most popular features, "Save-a-Life" has literally done exactly that for countless Cincinnatians who have phoned or written the Federation after read-

ing the column.

In addition to health columns in other local and suburban newspapers, the Federation prepares two weekly radio programs; a monthly bulletin for Parent-Teacher Association members; a nutrition leaflet offering balanced-menu suggestions to low-income families; and a "hubba-hubba" pamphlet with health hints for teen-agers.

Advised by teachers that many pupils were coming to school breakfastless, the Federation declared war against "bite-and-run" parents who were permitting their children to lose one-third of the day's essential food intake.

"Get up in time to eat your breakfast," it lectured adults.

TO REACH DOCTORS, DENTISTS and 1 pharmacists, the Federation regularly contributes material to their local professional journals. For grateful doctors, the Federation published a useful cancer reference book, helped start diabetes "refresher courses" and spark plugged a successful drive for a badly needed Chronic Disease Hospital for Cincinnati's aging population. Moreover, at popular Shoemaker Clinic—which the Federation started 22 years ago in the slum Basin area—Negro doctors, dentists and nurses were given their first opportunity to acquire clinic experience in Cincinnati.

The Federation does not, however, gallop off in all directions at once. All research programs are guided by its hard-hitting research director, Dr. Floyd P. Allen, who turns dull statistics into startling truths. Continuously fighting diseases that kill Cincinnatians, Allen keeps an up-to-date "Death Map" of the city, divided into 107 areas. Should the symbols representing TB cases begin to thicken in certain areas, they would be a signal for an all-out campaign.

Another significant Federation activity is its fight against heart disease. When a Federation official

pointed out two decades ago that a child with a heart ailment was a community problem, not merely a medical one, other doctors helped to start the Heart Council, which set up three clinics where special attention is given to the young.

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Cincinnati's school children get better dental attention than in most cities. Half the school population is now examined annually by dentists and hygienists, and necessary work is done free for children up to the sixth grade if their parents cannot pay. For all pupils, a report is sent home stating specifically which teeth need attention.

School bulletin boards display colored posters with cutout pictures dramatizing dental care. A typical poster shows a teen-age girl dreamily playing records, mooning over her latest crush, and sighing: "His teeth are divine!" School dental director Dr. E. H. Jones reasons: "Beer is sold by posters. Why not dental health?" For excellent teeth, children are given individual and classroom awards.

The Federation, ever vigilant of legislation, has repeatedly checked chiropractors' efforts to obtain special state legislation exempting them from the Medical Practices Act. In another field, curbing fraudulent health advertising, it has exposed phony medicines and unscrupulous health lectures.

But death-fighter Marquette is quick to admit that Cincinnati is still far from the medical millenium. "We still have plenty of needs and gaps to fill," he says. "If there were no slums, our death rate from preventable diseases would be a lot lower. We've got to stop dumping raw sewage into streams supplying

drinking water. Our job is not only to prevent and treat disease but to build optimum health—physical and mental—and to help people before they get sick. We haven't succeeded in doing all we want, but we're trying. And whatever success we've had is due to excellent and continuing teamwork."

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A stirring drama in civic enterprise, this teamwork is inspiring to watch. Medical leaders insist that every U.S. community, regardless of size, can learn something from Cincinnati's unique health setup. As Dr. Philip S. Platt says:

"Every dollar spent on intelligently planned health programs, like Cincinnati's, saves thousands later. A citizen's health dollar goes farther and is spent more wisely where there is teamwork."



If I Had Three Days to Hear

MY YOUNG FRIEND, Virginia, has asked me what I would do if, for three days, I could hear again.

Many long years ago, when I learned that I was to be totally deaf for life, I promised that when I entered this "silent world" I would carry with me such vivid memories of sound that the loss of hearing would never become unbearable.

Yet as the years passed, those memories dimmed—and now I can no longer watch a bird's throat swelling in song and hear the music in my mind. So, if I had granted to me three days of perfect hearing, on the first day I would search for, and listen to, sounds I have never heard. I would listen to a giant plane as it zoomed across the sky and disappeared—a tiny fleck against fleecy clouds. I would know the song it sings to my son who is a flier.

I would turn on a radio and pray that I would hear Bing Crosby singing White Christmas, as I marveled at the miracle of broadcasting.

In the evening of that first day, I would seek out a symphony orchestra, and I would remember great voices—those of Caruso, Schumann-Heink, Mary Garden —as I listened to the mellow tones of the cello.

At dawn the second day, I would wander into fields and woods, searching for a little brook that would talk to me as it murmured over moss-grown rocks.

I would hark to the wind sighing among trees and grasses; I would listen for the call of a lark, the chirping of robins. And at dusk I would hear their sleepy twittering as they settled for the night.

Then, in the black-dark hours, I would hear the stealthy sounds of things moving in the night, and I would fall asleep to the sound of rain pattering on my roof, and when I wakened it would be the third and last day of hearing, so...

At dawn, I would seek one sound to which I would listen all the day, and I would engrave that sound so deeply on my mind and heart that I would be able to hear it forever and ever....

I would hear and listen and thrill to another sound which I have never heard—the voice of my son.... —LUCILLE GRISWOLD

The Mystery of The Ragged Stranger



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by W. T. BRANNON

The QUIET CHICAGO neighborhood was suddenly aroused by the sound of shots and screams in the vestibule of the Wanderer home. The first person to reach the scene found Mrs. Ruth Wanderer lying half-conscious in the unlighted hallway while her husband, Carl Wanderer, bent over the body of a man in ragged clothing and furiously pounded his head against the floor.

"My wife and I had been to the movies," sobbed the grief-stricken husband when the police arrived. "As we entered the house, this man appeared in the doorway, waved a gun and demanded our money. I pulled my own pistol. He began shooting and I fired back. He missed me but hit my poor wife."

"How did you happen to have a gun?" the police asked.

"I was a lieutenant in the Army. It was my service pistol that I brought home from France."

Nobody knew who he was, yet Fate picked him for a strange role in one of Chicago's weirdest crimes

Further attempts to question Wanderer were futile, for he knelt beside his wife and wept unashamedly. A short time later, Mrs. Wanderer died without regaining consciousness. Mrs. Eugenia Johnson, the slain woman's mother, stifled her own grief in an effort to console her son-in-law.

The body of the holdup man was taken to the county morgue for identification. Dozens of people viewed the dead man but none could identify him. As days passed he came to be known as the Ragged Stranger. Meanwhile, a coroner's jury commended Carl Wanderer, and he was publicly acclaimed as a fearless man who had defended his home. Then, after a brief period of mourning, he went back to

work in his father's butcher shop.

This was the situation when the case was turned over to the Homicide Squad at Police Headquarters, then commanded by Sgt. John W. Norton (later Chief of Detectives). At first glance he regarded the case as a routine mystery, but as he studied the record he noted several strange points.

First, he considered the Ragged Stranger. Alone and penniless, he nevertheless had possessed an automatic pistol which he could have

easily sold for \$50.

"It isn't reasonable," Norton reasoned. "He would have sold or pawned that gun in order to get food and clothing. And if he had been a professional holdup man, he would have had some money to show for it."

Another feature puzzled Sergeant Norton: though one pistol had belonged to the dead man and the other had been selected at random by Carl Wanderer at an Army depot in France, both were identical. And the serial numbers were quite legible.

Secretly, Norton wrote to the Colt company, asking the names of the dealers who had sold the guns. The response was prompt. Wanderer's gun had been sold to the U.S. Army; that of the Ragged Stranger to a Chicago sporting

goods store.

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"We'd like to help you," the store manager told Sergeant Norton, "but the gun was sold some years ago. Fire has destroyed some of our papers so we may not have a record. If we do, it might take two weeks to find it."

"I'll send a man to help in the search," Norton said. "I want the

information about that gun even if it takes six months."

Luckily, however, the search was successful the second day: the gun had been sold to a man named Hoffman who later sold it to a Fred Wanderer. Norton learned that Fred was a cousin of Carl Wanderer and called him to the Detective Bureau for questioning.

Fred Wanderer readily admitted purchasing the gun, but insisted that he hadn't seen it for more than a year. "It was either lost or stolen,"

he said.

"Did you report the loss to police?" Norton inquired.

"No. I didn't know whether it

was stolen or not."

"Doesn't it seem strange," Norton persisted, "that you could lose a pistol without noticing it?"

"Yes, I guess so."

Norton continued his questioning but made no headway until he asked: "Aren't you related to Carl Wanderer?"

"Yes, he's my cousin."

"And did you know," Norton continued, "that this is the gun used to shoot Mrs. Carl Wanderer?"

Fred denied knowing this, but he soon broke under Norton's per-

sistent grilling.

"I loaned it to Carl the night of the shooting," he confessed. "He said his own gun was out of order and that he wanted to do some target practice."

FRED WANDERER WAS HELD while detectives went out to pick up his cousin. They found Carl Wanderer butchering meat in his father's shop. Taken to Headquarters, he repeated the story he had told at the inquest, identifying the gun

he had used to kill the Ragged Stranger as the one acquired in France. Then Sergeant Norton showed him the other weapon.

"Ever see this before?"

"It looks like the gun used by the holdup man."

"Never seen it before?"

"Never."

"That's strange," Norton said. "We've learned that an identical gun was sold to your cousin Fred."

Carl Wanderer paled but recovered swiftly. "Fred did have a gun like that," he agreed. "But he lost it one day while hunting."

"You don't think this is the same

gun your cousin had?"

"It might be. The tramp may have found it or bought it somewhere."

"How many guns did you have in your possession the night of the shooting?"

"Only one," Wanderer asserted. "The tramp had the other."

"I wonder how he got hold of

that gun?"

"I've already told you. He might have found it or bought it. Or he might even have stolen it."

"But you didn't give it to him?"

"Certainly not!"

"Now, that's queer," said Norton. "We've talked to Fred and he tells us you were at his house that night and borrowed his gun."

"I don't care what Fred says," Carl retorted. "I didn't even see

him that night."

"We have Fred here," Norton told him. "Would you like to talk to him about it?"

Carl was visibly shaken, but pulled himself together and said: "Sure, I'll talk to him."

Fred was brought in and repeat-

ed his story about loaning the gun, but Carl continued to deny it. Then a detective brought in Mrs. Fred Wanderer, who verified her husband's statement. job

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"While Carl was standing in the door," she added, "I saw a ragged man on the sidewalk."

"Was it the same man who was shot?" Norton inquired.

"I don't know. It was dark and I couldn't see well."

Faced with these two witnesses, Carl changed his story. He said that he had had both guns but that one had been wrested from him by the Ragged Stranger. "He shot my wife and I shot him," Wanderer concluded.

But Norton, still not satisfied, took Carl to the State's Attorney's office, where he was questioned at length. Finally, obviously tired, he said: "Let me get cleaned up and I'll tell you the truth." Norton found soap, hot water and towels. Refreshed, Carl Wanderer then told his story.

Sick of married life, he wanted to be free. When his wife told him that she was going to have a baby, he resolved to get rid of her. One day while he was in the Loop, an idea came to him. "I would hire some bum to stage a fake holdup, and in the confusion, my wife would get shot and the holdup man would be blamed."

Leaving the Loop, he walked into a slum district. "I kept sizing up the hobos and drifters, and finally noticed one young fellow who was the most ragged and dirty of all."

Wanderer started a conversation, during which the tramp said: "I'm from Canada, just out of the Army. But I haven't been able to land a job in Chicago. I'd do any kind of work to get something to live on."

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This was just the man he wanted, Wanderer decided. "I told him I'd give him a job if he'd really work," Carl confessed to Norton. "I gave him some change and told him to meet me at Western Avenue and Logan Boulevard about 6 o'clock.

"He was there waiting when the shop closed. I told him I had decided to leave my wife and get out of town. I told him I had money in the bank but it was in my wife's name; that she was going to draw it out that day to make a payment on a house we'd decided to buy. I told him a fake holdup was the only way I could get the money without arousing her suspicions. I promised to meet him afterward and give him \$25. He hesitated at first, then agreed.

"I decided that dead men tell no tales. To make it look like a real holdup, I needed another gun. I walked over to my cousin's house with the bum, and Fred let me have the gun when I told him mine

was out of order.

"I told the man I was going home to dinner. I gave him a dollar and told him to go to a restaurant on Lincoln Avenue and watch for me to pass with my wife. On the way back, I would give him the sign and he was to follow us into the dark hallway and tell me to hand over my money."

The plan worked well, Wanderer said. In the hallway, he fumbled with his keys to give the stranger time to catch up. Then the tramp stood in the doorway and said:

"Give me your money!"

Ruth Wanderer screamed and her husband fired several shots at the bandit with his own gun, then several more shots at his wife with Fred's gun.

"I grabbed the bum by the neck," Wanderer concluded, "and banged his head against the floor to make sure that he was dead."

WANDERER WAS INDICTED for the murder of his wife and the stranger, but before the trial he repudiated his confession, charging that the police had employed the third degree to obtain it. So Sergeant Norton looked for more evidence. In the Wanderer home he found a letter addressed to a girl.

Sweetheart:

I am very lonesome tonight. I thought that I would drop you a few lines, as I am ever thinking of you. I think the world and all of you. Good night, little love, and happy dreams.

From Carl

Norton questioned Carl's father and learned that the girl lived near the butcher shop. She readily admitted having been in love with Carl, but sobbed that she had thought he was single and that they had planned to be married.

At the trial, the prosecution established that the motive for the murders was not only the desire of Carl Wanderer to be free again; he also wanted to remarry. Convicted, he was given 25 years for murdering his wife. But when convicted of the murder of the Ragged Stranger, he was sentenced to hang. And so, after futile appeals, Carl Wanderer was executed on September 30, 1921.

Meantime, the identity of the Ragged Stranger remained a mystery. His pockets had been empty, and his clothes were so old andfrayed that it was impossible to trace their origin. A description and photograph of the dead man were sent to law-enforcement officials throughout the country, with no results.

After the body had lain unclaimed in the morgue for a year, a Chicago philanthropist furnished a plot in Glen Oak Cemetery. For 18 years, there was no clue to the tramp's identity. Then Barney M. Clamage, the Chicago businessman who had saved the Ragged Stranger from a potter's grave, died. A week later, Mrs. Nellie Ryan, 77-year-old Chicago scrubwoman, broke her silence.

She identified the body as that

of her son, Edward Joseph Ryan, a native of Bloomington, Illinois. She had first seen the body at the morgue and then had visited the grave regularly.

"I was a widow with three children," she said. "I couldn't support them all, so Edward was put in an orphanage. Later he was raised by a farmer in South Dakota. I know he came back to Chicago

to try to find me."

With this belated revelation from a sorrowing mother, the mystery of the Ragged Stranger was solved at last. But on the last day of his life, he had unwittingly played a major role in one of the strangest crimes in the history of the Chicago police department.

A Man and His Job

One summer day in 1913, disgruntled with life and its many perplexities, I walked off my job on the Woodbridge weekly and sought the solace of a secluded beach some distance down the

coast of New Jersey.

While musing over the uncomplicated life of the clam, I remembered having heard or read that a clam will always work its way back to wet sand. I

picked up a big fat fellow, threw it down on dry sand and told it to go to work. Then I squatted

down to observe.

A bit later I heard footsteps crunching on the sand. A man's voice asked me what I was doing. I was not in the mood for social palaver but I grunted a curt explanation without raising my eyes.

The man assumed an Indian squat in front of me.

After a brief silence he remarked, "Laziest rascal I ever saw." A couple of minutes later, I replied, "Yeah."

We swapped about fifteen words in fifteen minutes. My uninvited visitor began to mimic me in language terseness and accent. But I never looked up.

"Where do you work,

son?" he said finally.

"Over at Woodbridge," I replied. "On the weekly. What do you do?"

"Used to hang out over at Princeton," the man drawled. "But I have a good job, now. I'm President."

And that's how I met Woodrow Wilson.

-THOMAS MITCHELL, stage and screen star, as told to Bart Hodges, New York Post Syndicate, Inc. В

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"Dad" Fuller

The fast-talking salesmen of a phenomenal organization are the housewife's No. 1 friend

and His Brush-Men

by Dickson Hartwell

Before shooting started on the current movie, Fuller Brush Man, comedian Red Skelton worked himself into a proper mood for the title role by taking a sample case of Fuller brushes and selling them from door to door. Skelton called on ten housewives and, unrecognized, surprised everybody except executives of the Fuller Brush Company by selling four of them.

The success of this stunt illustrates in a mild way the Fuller company phenomenon brought about by its thousands of smiling, eager-beaver dealers who swarm over the country making some 50,000,000 house-to-house calls a year, selling 25,000,000 brushes and 6,000,000

or so assorted mops, dusters and brooms—which is more brushes, mops, dusters and brooms than can readily be imagined.

No one can explain the success of the company, least of all its founder, Alfred C. "Dad" Fuller, who was a failure at the first job he ever had selling brushes. The American housewife is a pretty cold proposition—to doorbell ringers—and most sales managers are reluctant to tackle her on her own territory.

One factor in the achievement was the flood of cartoons and jokes which popularized the Fuller Brush man as the Model T Ford was popularized a generation ago with jokes about the Tin Lizzie. But the vital element in this success story is the Fuller Brush man himself. No child

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of capitalism was ever more résourceful or more persevering.

Ranking as the No. 1 Friend of the American housewife, crack FB men consider a pair of pliers, a screw driver and a hammer as indispensable as their samples. They can repair a broken light socket, fix a rickety ironing board or tighten a loose mop handle. They cheerfully hang clotheslines, back milady's car out of the garage and help her transplant shrubs. One even chased a fox out of a chicken house—and thereby made a sale.

When an FB man rang the bell of a Philadelphia home, a child who opened the door tripped and fell, slashing her face. Her screams attracted the maid, who fainted dead away at the sight of blood. Then the FB man went into action. He put a clean handkerchief on the wound, found an ice bag, put it on the wound too, calmed the child, revived the maid, learned that the mother was at her dentist's. He telephoned her there, and by the time she had driven home, he had the child clean, bandaged and ready to visit the doctor.

Proud of their products, FB men never lose a chance to demonstrate them. In Scranton, Pennsylvania, two cops in a prowl car sirened down a fleet FB motorist. As the officers began to write a ticket, he presented each of them with the famed sample handy brush, and started talking. Before the cops could get away, the FB man had sold one a toothbrush set and the other a bristle comb. They figured they got out pretty easy.

Another FB man was describing the merits of a shower brush to a housewife when her young son rushed in covered with mud, the victim of a shoestring tackle in a sand-lot football game. In two minutes he had the youngster in the bath and was scrubbing him clean. The demonstration was enough to convince the mother that that particular brush was indispensable in her household.

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Fuller's is probably unique as the one big company that prosperity almost killed. In the mid-1920s, when the big boom of 1929 was hardly a distant rumble, Fuller was doing a \$10,000,000-a-year business. But as prosperity throughout the country increased, Fuller sales began to slip. Only when the Depression really struck—with sales off to \$4,000,000 and the company in jeopardy — did business pick up. While the rest of the country groaned through the Depression, Fuller sales zoomed.

After some 25 years of wonderment, Fuller executives have stopped trying to explain the phenomenon of their company. At placid, harmonious headquarters in Hartford, Connecticut, only visitors ask why, when canvassers generally are regarded with repugnance, some 7,000 FB men can knock on almost any door in the U.S., Canada and two score foreign countries and get invited in.

Part of the answer lies in Dad Fuller himself, a genial, 200-pound, six-footer whose homely, we'regood-fellows-together and smile-smile-smile techniques have molded one of the most effective commercial organizations in America. So great is their enthusiasm that some Fuller dealers (the company employs no salesmen: every FB man is

in business for himself) have traveled with their families across the continent to meet Dad Fuller and be shown through the plant.

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The Fuller achievement is particularly unique because it was spark-plugged by a man who once failed as a salesman. After being raised on a Nova Scotia farm, young Fuller, at 17, set out for Boston to seek his fortune. When he created no noticeable stir in employment offices, he took a job peddling brushes in near-by Somerville where his older sister lived. Dutifully he went from door to door, but he was no match for housewives. Soon he sought a wage earner's security as a streetcar conductor, later switching to a parcel-delivery firm.

While he was building up a stake of \$375, he was also thinking about his failure in the brush business. The fault had not been his, he concluded, but that of the brushes! They were designed to please not the customer but the maker. If somebody produced brushes to fit the housewife's peculiar needs, she would buy them—even without urging from a fast-talking salesman.

Soon, Fuller prevailed upon his sister to give him basement space for a shop. Then he quit his job, bought a used hand-operated wire twisting machine for \$15 (now displayed as a museum piece in the home office), some wire and bristles, and he was off—a man with an idea but no customers.

During the day Fuller went from house to house showing his sample brush; at night he labored to twist the wares ordered the day before. As his technique improved he began making more brushes than he could market, so he hired two canvassers. Then production fell behind and he was forced to employ a daytime twister—Philip Colturi, now head of Fuller's material preparation department.

From then on, Fuller was caught in a pleasant but entangling circle. He added dealers, then machine operators, then more dealers—"and so on," Fuller executives explain

today, "ad infinitum."

Yet Fuller's success was not without tribulation. Fuller dealers then were men to whom \$100 might well represent the difference between calamity and prosperity. Often they would write Fuller, asking financial aid to pay for a consignment of brushes. Once a group of dealers who combined their needs into one big financial appeal were surprised to find that not only was Fuller unable to help—he was about to ask them for a loan!

FOUR MONTHS AFTER STARTING ON his own, Fuller had outgrown the workshop in his sister's basement and decided to expand. Accordingly he rented a shed in the rear of a Hartford warehouse and in April, 1906, announced formation of the Capitol Brush Company, a name which he had the foresight to change shortly thereafter.

Today, the FB man is as much a community institution as the postman and milkman. But though his good will is unmatched, he knows that aside from his product it stems 10 per cent from his odd-job helpfulness and 80 per cent from his free samples. So important is the giveaway that last year Fuller Brush dealers spent \$500,000 of their own money for 11,000,000 utility and pastry

brushes and 6,500,000 combs and letter openers, to insure their welcome into U.S. homes.

"Without the free sample," said a successful dealer recently, "I couldn't make a living. It's the best merchandising device that was ever invented."

But it is backed up by the experience of thousands of smart FB men. In each step from ringing the doorbell to delivery of an order there is a clever understanding of human nature and buying habits. Crack FB men claim that any good dealer can, if challenged, sell almost any housewife in the country.

The technique seems simple enough. The FB man merely needs to get inside the house, open his bag and demonstrate the line. But completing these steps is regarded by ordinary canvassers as a feat comparable to Eisenhower's invasion of Normandy. Some capable canvassers in other lines count themselves lucky to triumph once in 25 attempts. An FB man worth his \$5,000 a year claims he does it just about every other time.

When the door opens, he announces in a radiant voice, "I'm your Fuller Brush Man!" For some reason, even though she may need brushes as badly as a Communist needs a friend, the housewife usually replies, "No brushes today," and starts closing the door.

This is the cue to offer her the free and irresistible handy brush, but not on the doorstep, mind you—inside the house.

The way an FB man gets across the threshold is regarded in selling circles as pure poetry. As he tells the housewife about the gift, he reaches for his sales case. Obviously he means only to step inside the door so he can open his case, give her the free brush and be on his way. But somehow, in a moment he is not only in the living room but the case is open wide and the reluctant housewife is happily contemplating a handy item which seems to be something she has always yearned for. Then the dealer settles down to real selling.

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Phrases like "I'll tell you what I can do for you" or "This mop picks up dust like a serge suit" can, if properly employed, add 25 per cent to sales volume. Also, to lull women into a responsive mood, FB men often make disarming observations like "It's a nice day" and "You have children, I see," which need only a simple "Yes" to answer. Having said yes several times, the customer finds it more difficult to say no when asked to buy.

No FB man worth his salt passes up a house because it doesn't look promising or because he has a hunch he won't make a sale. Playing the averages makes every doorbell work for him. When a dealer occasionally has a morning in which he makes 15 calls without a single sale, he gets cheerful rather than depressed. He knows—and is willing to back his judgment with a substantial bet—that the next 15 calls will be pure gold.

The principal hazard encountered by FB men is dogs. When charged by a strange mastiff, the temptation to run is strong. It must be resisted, however, as must any desire to place a stout shoe on the snout of the attacker. Such defensive tactics would be undignified and bad salesmanship.

Aware that he is under observa-

tion from behind the curtains, an FB man stands firm when attacked and calmly interposes his sample case between himself and the onslaught. Thus protected, he offers up a silent prayer, says "nice doggie" and makes his way with dignity to the front door. It is not true that FB men rub beefsteak on their sample cases to entice dogs into quick friendship. Novices may be nipped more often, but FB veterans claim that one good bite every four years is about par.

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Fuller doesn't claim to make all the best brushes in the world but merely to sell the best. Some years ago he discovered a small New England factory that was turning out the best broom he had ever seen. He asked his research and scientific staff to build a better one. They couldn't. So Fuller promptly ordered all the brooms the factory could make.

When a fur company devised a complicated machine to eliminate expensive handwork in carroting rabbit fur for hatmaking, the process appeared doomed because essential brushes broke down. Fuller engineers designed a brush that operated without replacement for nine months.

One thread manufacturer asked the seemingly impossible: he wanted brushes that would put a better glaze on his thread, plus a uniform dressing, plus lower machine vibration, plus a marked reduction in thread breakage. After Fuller engineers succeeded, 34 other thread mills switched to the new brushes.

When Chicago meat packers found that delicate sausage casings were being torn by brushes in a new cleaning process, they asked Fuller for help. The result was a brush that not only saved the casings but stepped up production about \$2,000 a month. Even apple growers have turned to Fuller for help. Result: brushes especially designed to clean and polish fruit.

When war came, Fuller converted readily: in four years some 40,000,000 brushes were made for cleaning weapons from a .22 rifle to a howitzer. But as these weren't carried from house to house by dealers, Fuller as a temporary war measure had chemists concoct beauty preparations and added these to the Fuller line. The beauty business is hotly competitive, but Fuller didn't spend a dime on special promotion. His customers bought the line because it was backed by Fuller.

When the war ended, Fuller considered dropping cosmetics; his dealers were overloaded, he thought, with other things to sell. But there was a howl of protest from across the nation and the cosmetics line was retained.

The FB man's smile for the housewife is one which pervades the entire company. The word which most aptly describes the organization is "happy"; the factory workers are keen about their jobs. Once, from his third-floor office window, Fuller moodily contemplated a 15-acre homestead across the street. Inspired, he put on his hat and went downtown. An hour later he returned and called in Frank Adams, first vice-president and general manager.

"I just bought the place across the street," he said. "Fix it up so the employees can play baseball, tennis, golf, anything they like, and give them a good clubhouse too." A few months later, workers who had never before held a golf club were enthusiastically making their way around a nine-hole course.

Nearly all Fuller executives have come up from the ranks. Twenty-eight years ago, when Fuller outgrew his homemade system of bookkeeping, he hired accountant Frank Adams temporarily. Adams never-left. His first Jill-of-all-work, Ruby Perkins, is now assistant treasurer. Vice-president Wallace Campbell, second of the top men, worked his way through Syracuse University selling Fuller brushes. The next top-ranking man, vice-president Earl Cotton, started as a dealer 33 years ago.

In recent years, Fuller's two sons have been working their way up in the company. When his father moved over to chairmanship of the board, 35-year-old A. Howard Fuller was made president after

an intensive apprenticeship which began with selling during his college days. The younger son, Avard E. Fuller, is now general sales manager and secretary.

To these three Fullers and their close associates, the company is a real and living thing. They are proud of their 1,200 home-office, plant and warehouse employees. But their greatest admiration is reserved for the multitude of resourceful, hardworking dealers who call on tens of thousands of homes a day, from the most imposing to the meanest, and get in with a smile.

Especially they like the ingenious Fuller Brush man who managed to talk his way through the Secret Service cordon around the Roosevelt home at Hyde Park. When he finally confronted the late President, he was greeted warmly with, "Glad to meet you, Mr. Fuller!" The sale: \$13.08.

The Buttons Man



The LATE FRED Roe, noted St. Louis painter, had his studio in his home and was greatly

loved by the neighborhood children. He was never too busy to play with them, and their favorite game was the old "Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man, Chief" with which he tagged their buttons.

On the forenoon of the morning he died, the doorbell sounded timidly. Fred's stalwart brother Ted answered, found a tiny tot tiptoeing to reach the bell again. She asked for her painter playmate. "I'm sorry," said Ted, "but he's gone away." To the little one's anxious inquiry Ted replied gently that his brother would not be back. Quivering on the verge of tears the child asked, "Then will you count my buttons and put a daisy in my hair?" To which Ted replied falteringly, "I'll try."

Then, among the flowers at the funeral, was one offering which surely would have delighted the dead painter's soul. It was a small but gay bouquet, and with it a card on which was inscribed in childish print, "For the Buttons Man."

—W. A. CHAMBERLIN

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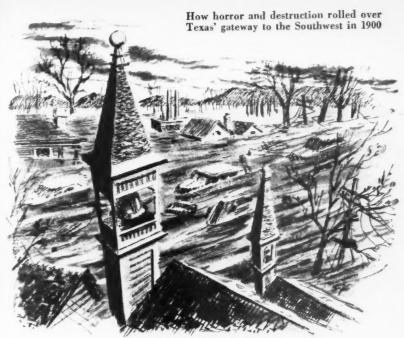
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Galveston's Tidal Wave of Death

by FAIRFAX DOWNEY

A slong the broad beach of Galveston, where throngs of swimmers, as much at home in the sea as inland Texans are in the saddle, rode the waves. The air was balmy, and constantly more strollers deserted palm-lined Broadway for the bathing pavilion. The men and children were quickly in the water, but

women decorously disrobed in bathhouses and dressed almost as fully again in the voluminous swimming costumes of 1900.

Forty-eight hours later, some of these women would tear off encumbering dresses, don men's bathing suits, slash off their long, hampering hair, and plunge into the sea washing over their doorsteps to

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swim for dear life. But on September 6, 1900, the sea gave no hint

of its sinister purpose.

On the following afternoon, the breakers on the beach were too big even for venturesome swimmers. Next morning, the Weather Bureau broke out storm signals. Alarming reports had been received of gales sweeping westward from Key West. Galveston must beware. Even ordinary storms flung combers over the low breakwaters which were the city's only protection.

This Texas city, with no point in her limits more than six feet above high tide, thrust out into the sea on the tip of Galveston Island in defiance of the elements. Yet Galveston maintained her defiance with good reason. Hers was the only deep-water harbor on the Texas coast, a harbor which made her the gateway for the commerce

of the Southwest.

During the morning of September 8 the phone in the Weather Bureau jangled continually. To anxious inquiries the forecaster reported: "Heavy swells—rising wind and tide—advise seeking secure place for the night." Few people, however, moved to safety over bridges to the mainland.

Toward mid-afternoon the falling barometer strained the nerves of even "business-as-usual" advocates. Shops and offices were closed, and residences along the shore were abandoned. Skippers in the harbor apprehensively eyed their straining cables. Telegraphers pushed back their chairs from instruments gone dead. Galveston, isolated, could no longer call for help.

Flight now commenced in earnest through streets littered with tangled wires, bricks, slate, stone and glass. No underground shelter was available, for there were few cellars in a city where one struck water at four feet. A wind growing ever more powerful lifted cottages and wafted them away, folded up frame houses, tore off roofs and blasted out rooms.

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RANK ON RANK, THE whitecapped billows advanced to storm Fort Crockett. Retreating soldiers were overtaken and drowned by the rushing waves. With 27 artillerymen among the first casualties, the storm, overrunning the futile breakwaters, moved to assault the city.

The search for safety grew more desperate by the moment. As bricks, beams and copings hurtled from buildings, people darted from side to side. A woman screamed as the baby in her arms was killed by a

missile from above.

Soon there was no further chance to run. Street by street the sea captured the city. Through flooded thoroughfares the tide propelled hundreds of people, floating on timbers or frantically swimming.

Dusk came, and no lights relieved it, for the electric and gas plants lay in ruins. Then, at 7:30, as the hurricane reached its highest intensity, a 12-foot tidal wave roared out of the ocean and rolled down upon the city.

Steamships were wrenched loose from their moorings and whirled away. Sailboats and tugs cruised straight through buildings.

Ghastly indeed was the prank the tidal wave played when it struck the cemeteries and disinterred the dead. Flung about, leaping out of the spume, skeletons

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jerked their bones fantastically in a danse macabre, while bobbing tombstones beat time with hollow thuds on floating metal coffins.

On the spire of Galveston Cathedral a bell tolled the Angelus—then suddenly was silenced as the wind ripped the two-ton instrument from its sockets. Down crashed the crosses from the front towers. In the church, families embraced

and said good-bye.

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At St. Mary's Orphanage, the Sisters of Charity stood bravely in the midst of 100 children and watched the sea stream in. When doom became evident, the Sisters roped their charges together, fastening an end of the life line to their own cinctures. So they were found when the waters ebbed, looped like mountain climbers who had ascended a last summit.

The sea fiercely battered Ursuline Convent. With poles and ropes, nuns leaned from windows to make rescues, snatching from a floating trunk a woman in the agonies of birth. She, with three others in labor, was carried into the nuns' cells. As each infant was born, a priest touched its brow with holy

water lest it be sped unbaptized into eternity by the sea thundering at the portals.

Slowly, reluctantly, the wind and the waves abandoned Galveston, the hurricane roaring onward to coastal and inland towns. Not until next day did the water seep into the sand and let Galveston Island emerge above the surface.

The ebbing green tide revealed bodies by the thousands, many of them stripped and gashed. A most gruesome spectacle was the framework of an iron bridge where 43

bodies hung crucified.

Fully 6,000 lives had been lost, the worst mortality ever inflicted by a hurricane in U. S. history. Nearly a sixth of Galveston's population was wiped out. Four thousand houses were heaps of brick or kindling. All told, the property loss was estimated at \$30,000,000.

Ghoulish thieves slunk through the ruins, robbing the dead. Martial law was declared, saloons closed, and plunderers were shot down. Then, having enforced order, Galveston turned to other tasks: succoring of the living and handling of the dreadful dead.

Under the growing menace of disease, identification and burial soon had to be foregone. Funeral pyres burned for days; their smoke signaled the city's misery to the relief forces converging upon it.

To work with local agencies came outside organizations—representatives of merchants' associations, a heavily laden Army transport, the Children's Aid Society, the Salvation Army, the Red Cross.

Food and clothing provided, shelter shared, the people of Galveston were freed to face a future

Fairfax Downey, a native of Salt Lake City, Utah, and a graduate of Yale University, is the author of several books, including Indian-Fighting Army, Richard Harding Davis: His Day, A Comic History of Yale and Army Mule. After serving with the U. S. Army in World War I, he was a newspaperman for ten years before becoming a free-lance writer. He re-entered the Army as a major in World War II and served at Fort Bragg, N. C., and in North Africa. This article is taken from his book, Disaster Fighters, published at \$3 by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, N. Y.

which the strain of emergencies had mercifully hidden for a time. Grief for the lost, dulled for a while by shock and hard work, grew poignant as many a devoted family now realized the gaps in its little circle. Men who could not find even the foundation lines of their homes looked with despair upon the ruins which had been a prosperous city.

Rebuild? Start all over again? Was it worth while to attempt it? Some said it wasn't, that Galveston had received her death blow. But even while the pessimists shook their heads mournfully, Galveston was shaking off the paralysis of disaster. Within a few days many shops had reopened. Everywhere was heard the sound of hammers as houses still standing were repaired and new ones were started. Throughout the city, women were salvaging household goods from the wreckage -to be scrubbed, disinfected and dried in the Texas sun.

Even bigger strides were being made. The waterworks and power plants were operating again in a few days. A bridge to the mainland was constructed in a week, to replace those washed away, and normal commerce was soon resumed.

And so, the tragedy of the past was almost forgotten in plans for the future. Talk of abandoning Galveston Island gave way to talk of a new and more beautiful Galveston. As one small recompense for its havoc, the hurricane had left the city with a channel deepened by 30 feet, so it was more than ever the finest harbor in Texas.

It would be a safer Galveston, too. Having learned its lesson, the city set to work to build a giant sea wall, reinforced by a 27-foot breakwater, along seven and a half miles of Galveston beach. Rich and poor, citizens rallied to buy the seawall bonds—laborers, shopgirls and hucksters scrimping and saving to do their share.

Soon the gateway to the Southwest stood open once more, and today the city on the sands still flourishes—more vigorous and healthy than ever before.

The Ten Commandments

In the November, 1946, issue of coronet, the editors were proud to present one of the most notable features ever to appear in coronet or in any other magazine— The Ten Commandments, especially illustrated for coronet by Arthur Szyk, distinguished miniaturist and world-famous master of the medieval art of illustration.

So great was the acclaim for this

beautifully colored, exquisitely detailed CORONET masterpiece that CORONET arranged for the John C. Winston Company to publish it in book form. Now the Arthur Szyk version of *The Ten Commandments*—just as it originally appeared in CORONET—is available as a handsomely bound 64-page book, sold at bookstores everywhere at \$5.00 per copy.

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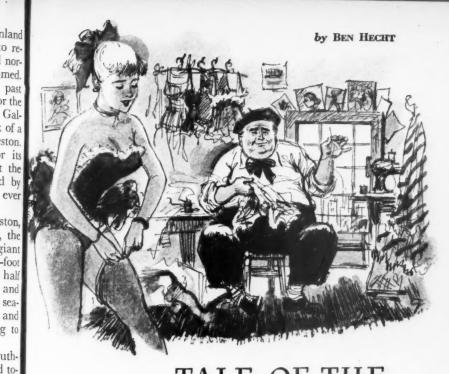
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TALE OF THE Bewitched Tailor

THERE USED TO BE a ludicrous and fantastic tailor on the sixth floor of the Roseland Building on New York City's 51st Street—an edifice in which all the plots you ever saw in the movies about the joys and sufferings of Broadway are continually going on.

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This tailor's name was Boris Gordon. He was as fat as a deep-sea bass and he waddled, jiggled, grunted and perspired through 20 years of insolvency like a half-collapsed balloon with a scissors dan-

gling from its middle. This billowy little wizard of the needle generally wore a Windsor tie and a beret, for he loved beauty and was devoted to the arts.

When he was younger, Boris had been an eminent designer of ladies' clothing, receiving from Bergdorf Goodman and other fine wardrobe specialists a magnificent salary. But to the alarm of his family, money had palled on him. Finally, turning a deaf ear to employers and dependents alike, the portly Boris

spread his wings and landed on the sixth floor of the Roseland Building.

Here Boris served beauty: he designed costumes for dancers. Well, not exactly dancers, but dance aspirants. For Boris was unable to draw or sketch. Because of this cultural defect no dancers with enough money to go anywhere else ever came near Boris' emporium.

There came, however, scores of hoofers, acrobats and coryphees out of the attics of Bohemia. All the orphans of Broadway at whose dancing feet no roses or press notices ever bloomed, all the Pavlovas and Astaires who hovered futilely around the "No Casting Today" signs of the producing offices, flocked to the Maison Gordon.

And Boris dressed them up as East Winds, Rose Buds, Leopards, Pierrettes, Sultanas and Ballerinas. Daily, platoons of these undaunted votaries marched forth to give auditions in Boris' costumes, leaving behind their IOUs for our tailor to stuff into his cash drawer. And the joke was that if any of his protégés ever made good—and this also happened—they deserted the fat and ludicrous little tailor at once and took their patronage to a more professional atelier.

As the years passed, Boris became quite a figure in the limbo art world of Broadway's stepchildren. Artists with palettes appeared and sat painting the fat and comical-looking tailor. His emporium filled up with portraits of a moon-faced and obese little man, not at all flattering. His soulful sighs for the beautiful, his fluttery fat man's love of all that was graceful, spread laughter behind his back. Derision and ingratitude were, in fact, his

chief rewards. But the beam never quit Boris' perspiring moon face.

"They are all children," he used to say, "and you got to understand them. I make a living making clothes for a few rich people who still come to me for suits. But I belong in the world of beauty."

Then Boris disappeared from the Roseland Building, and word went out that the crazy tailor was sick. Four months later a girl from the ballet tried the door of the tailor shop just for good luck.

It opened. A strange man stood inside—a lean man with a pair of black eyes burning out of a taut and delicate face, and a wide mouth with pale lips smiling gently.

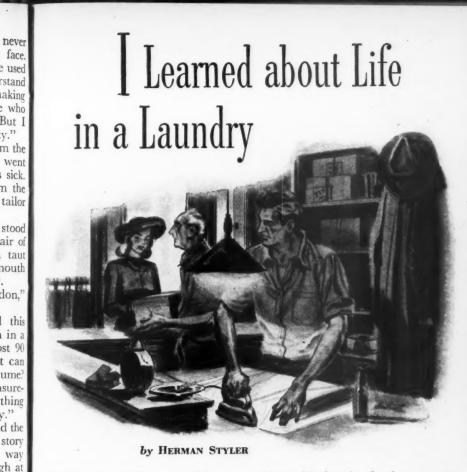
"I'm looking for Boris Gordon," said the ballet girl.

"I'm Boris Gordon," said this thin and radiant-looking man in a whisper. "I've been sick. I lost 90 pounds in the hospital. What can I do for you? A Pierrette costume? Yes, yes—I know your measurements. I will make a beautiful thing for you. Come back Monday."

Monday, Boris was dead, and the ballet girl who told me the story says: "Nobody saw him this way except me. So when they laugh at what a funny fat man he was and how crazy it was for him to be always talking about beauty, I tell them how he looked the last time he stood in his tailor shop—lean and with a face very gentle and beautiful—as if he was a dancer himself. Really, as if he had always been a dancer.

"But nobody believes me. Yet I saw him standing there a few days before he died, just like somebody out of the Arabian Nights after the bad jinni has removed his evil spell."

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Here are the recollections, half humorous, half sad, of human secrets often concealed in a bundle of dirty clothes

DIOLOGISTS STUDY LIFE through a D microscope, sociologists through statistics, but I have studied it at great pains through the pajama, the undershirt, the handkerchief. No, I wasn't a research worker. I was just a laundryman's son.

Nobody ever says anything nice about the laundryman. He is always late with the wash. He loses

things. He breaks the buttons on your best shirt. And if, by some miracle, he returns your bundle intact, he does it three days late so you lace into him.

It's about time somebody came to the defense of this poor, overworked, browbeaten fellow. He, too, is a human being. He has problems, despair, comedy, tragedy and a family of his own, although he never sees them unless they all are working in his store. And usually they are. For 20 years I was a

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laundryman's son. And though I worked, ate and slept laundry, I still say my father was a fine man—and I will poke anyone who disagrees.

Life in my father's New York laundry began when I was six years old. What I have gone through since then, including 20,000 pockets and unmentionables, would fill several curio shops. A man's private life is not his own anymore—nor is a woman's.

My father had a store in Greenwich Village and, in keeping with the artistic temperament of the Village, it was called the La Bohème Hand Laundry. I remember the early evenings when I helped my father fold handkerchiefs and mangle undershirts. I used to gaze out the window at the same time, watching Life pass by. The Village had a magic flavor then. The people who entered our store were not just customers. To me, wallowing in the golden dreams of youth, they were the great writers and artists of America. So we had a noble purpose in life.

I remember a young woman who used to bring in her laundry every week. She was always sweet and gracious, and never complained about our service. But after several years, she stopped being a customer. Then one day she returned, and we found a man's collar in the wash. Then an occasional man's shirt, then a half-dozen at a time! And so they were married and lived happily for almost a year.

One day the lady vanished, and my father's social research became fraught with obstacles. In time, the husband started bringing his laundry to the store, but it was all masculine now. No more negligees! But true to the laundryman's creed, my father asked no questions. Then, lo, the negligees appeared again! And some time later, baby things arrived. Thus the marriage was resumed and our whole staff settled down once more to normal living.

We watched this family grow from two to seven—and another from two to fourteen. We watched another shrink when one of its members went off to war, and the young man's shirts never came back. We have followed families from one era of their lives to another, from diapers to girdles, and we have learned plenty....

M ANY PEOPLE USED to bring their laundry to our shop without counting what was in the bundle. Several weeks later they would dash in, aflame with righteous indignation, and cry: "A shirt is missing!"

My father would shrug helplessly and say: "I'll check with the steam laundry. Come back next week and I'll let you know."

This always killed the customer's rage. After a cooling-off period of several weeks, during which the customer was supposed to become resigned to his fate, he was handed a shirt which my father had been saving for just such an occasion.

Lost shirts were always a headache. When a customer raised cain about a shirt that was actually lost he was reimbursed not according to the value of the garment but according to his value as a customer. The client invariably said, "You know, that shirt was brand-new. And it cost five dollars."

Both the laundryman and the customer knew this was a lie, but the laundryman accepted the statecreed, Then, gain! hings as reettled ving. grow other ched of its d the came nilies anand

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New note in fashion. Kansas City's "model" mother Betty Brookfield shows a \$475 designer original, as daughter Karen looks on. Betty knows (like all models) that a brilliant smile is always in fashion, so she's taught Karen her own prized Ipana dental routine: Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage. Head for a "model" smile yourself with Ipana... recommended and used by more

dentists than any other tooth paste (according to a recent nationwide survey). Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today!

Product of Bristol-Myers



FOR YOUR SMILE OF BEAUTY

ment without question. He had to, or he might never see the customer

again. So he paid up.

Bundles that were never claimed had a curious ending. I used to wear shirts that once belonged to famous artists in the Village—and so did my cousin Joe in Schenectady. This was the routine. After a bundle had nestled on the shelf for six months and was covered with a nice layer of dust, my father would first try to sell the contents. If nobody wanted to buy, he would distribute them equally among all male members of the family.

If a forgetful male returned a year later, after we had worn out his shirts, and demanded his laundry, my poor father would fall back on his legal rights. The laundry ticket says, and my father would hold it in front of the customer's nose: "Not responsible for goods

left over 30 days."

If the customer was a tough bird and still insisted on his laundry, my father, after rapid calculation, would open someone else's bundle and give him what he demanded. Over a period of 20 years, the men in the neighborhood were wearing each other's gear and never knew it.

MY FATHER HAD A UNIQUE and effective way of collecting bills. If a recalcitrant customer kept sending his laundry in and didn't pay when he called for it, he would read on the laundry slip the next time that a shirt or a tablecloth had been held back for "rewashing." This "rewashing" was done over and over again, until the customer got wise and paid up.

In addition to taking care of local trade, my father and I did

the laundry for the crews of ships docking at the Chelsea piers. We had passes to board any vessel of the old International Mercantile Marine Company. New lines were formed and eventually we boarded almost every ship of every line that sailed from New York to the four corners of the earth.

Since the vessels arrived and departed at most ungodly hours, we often worked through the night. We washed Japanese kimonos and Indian shawls; we mended strange Australian shirts made of silk and wool. We met crusty old sea captains of tramp steamers, and we learned the lore of strange and exotic places. All this was a far cry from washing shirts, but it shows how exciting and adventurous the most prosaic job could be.

Once my father was caught below deck as the ship he boarded with a bag of laundry moved down the Bay and we received a Spanish picture card from him several weeks later. He remembered the enforced ocean trip fondly, since it was the only vacation he ever had.

Being a laundryman is a withering job. His day begins early and ends late. The smell of the laundry may seem pleasant to you, but when one has to stand up ironing shirts all day, in the steam and the heat, it isn't so enjoyable. Washing, ironing, darning socks, mending shirts, mixing starch, mangling handkerchiefs, marking, sorting, packing until you are ready to drop from exhaustion—no, the laundryman's life is not an enviable one.

Its greatest virtue is that it is clean work. And you can grow old with a clean shirt on your back. That's all my father has left. Everything else came out in the wash.

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Besides having the entire family help in the store, my father also had a salaried employee, an elderly woman who ironed the family wash and made his coffee every morning. Her name was Katey and she had silver hair. As I remember her, she was the kindest and most wonderful woman in all the world. She was like a mother to us. She worked for my father for 20 years and ruled over the laundry and all us kids with a loving heart.

When my father came home one night and told us that he had to let Katey go, we all cried. He wouldn't tell us why. He merely said she was getting old and needed a rest. He couldn't keep her forever, could he? We sat listening in silence,

too shocked to answer.

When my father finished talking, he walked slowly into his bedroom and closed the door. At that moment we all hated him. How could he do this to Katey—Katey, who was always a part of our lives, just as were the ironing tables and the warm pleasant smell of the store?

We found out the next morning. My father never opened the store again. After 20 years, they had taken his maritime pass away and the local trade had by this time gone elsewhere. He had to give up the store. That's why he had to let Katey go. There was no work left for either of them and, after a great career as a laundryman, my father was at last a broken man.

We couldn't cry any more after that, but we could never forget Katey or the laundry. Years later, I would sometimes walk past the empty store. But I couldn't look in. A thin layer of dust covered the window and the once-shiny letters were broken, like the memories of those childhood days.

And as I passed by, I would think of my father and Katey, of how they stood side by side so many years until there were hollows in the floor under their feet, and how finally their lives went down the drain, along with the gray water

and the soapsuds....

Whenever I tell people about father's laundry, they smile. Perhaps I imagine it, but I seem to detect sadness in their smile, and a kindlier feeling toward their laundryman. Never again, I tell myself, will they heap abuse on him if he breaks their buttons or returns their shirts three days late. For they will understand.



Just Like Home

THE GROUP WAS GOING through an ancient castle in Scotland. "This castle," the guide told them, "has stood for seven hundred years. Not a stone has been

touched, nothing altered, nothing replaced."

"Hm," observed one woman,
"they must have the same landlord
we have."

—Tina Drnidskul



BARRY FITZGERALD:

Beloved at Sixty

by CAROL HUGHES

ELFISH LITTLE Barry Fitzgerald, the not-too-saintly priest of Going My Way, is one of Hollywood's most unusual people. He has been going his way in Hollywood for more than ten years, and his way is strange indeed for the cinema city.

He wants less from life in material things than almost any man imaginable. He hates adulation, and was genuinely terrified when he won an Oscar. Completely happy with a few obscure friends, a few treasured books, his pipe, his cottage, a motorcycle and a piano, his way of life is almost encompassed by one quiet city block.

He takes no part in the life of Hollywood, knows no "names" intimately, and is seen by the movie people only when he works on a picture. He never had any formal training in acting and had no desire to be an actor, until he was shoved on the stage at the age of 21.

Today, at 60, he is one of the most beloved people in the movies. His appeal is universal, from bobby-

soxer to grandma. He earns about \$75,000 a picture, and has more offers than he can accept. Yet he lives like a man with a \$5,000 income—and is completely content.

The only discord in Fitzgerald's life is the fact that he has to work. He likes his job, but hates the recognition it brings. He prefers to ride in streetcars, watch people, walk the streets—puffing at his pipe—unnoticed and unknown. None of this is a pose. With disarming and candid simplicity, he admits that if he didn't have to work he wouldn't.

Barry (whose real Irish-given name is William Joseph Shields) will use every conceivable excuse to avoid an interview. He is reluctant to talk about himself, sincerely so. But should the conversation turn to current events, his Irish face lights up, he relaxes, and plunges into brilliant conversation.

If cornered in a personality interview, he talks so lightly of his talents that one gets the impression he still thinks he is in a highly risky profession, where they may find him out at any moment and ship him back to Ireland.

He says whimsically: "Being an actor is such a simple business, I wonder why more people don't take it up. It doesn't require any training, the pay is good, the hours not too bad."

In Fitzgerald's case he is really speaking from personal experience, for acting was just as simple as that. His brother, Arthur Shields, a character actor in Hollywood, says: "The public seems to think he sprang full-grown from the brow of Leo McCarey in *Going My Way*, but it just didn't happen."

True enough, it didn't—but his beginning was almost as fantastic. Barry, at 21, was a quiet little inconspicuous "clark" in the British Civil Service in Dublin. He earned 25 shillings a week; security was definite; he was happy.

"It was a very pleasant existence," he recalls, "with time for boating on Dublin Bay and hiking into the Irish countryside."

One Sunday while hiking he met a member of Dublin's famous Abbey Theater. The actor invited Barry to the theater, and the following night the quiet little clerk stood wistfully in the wings backstage, "having my illusions destroyed by all the trappings."

Suddenly, along came a director getting ready for the big mob scene and shoved him onto the stage. For the first time in his life, Barry stood on the other side of the footlights. The bright beams, the people out front, lit his soul with flame. He, the little "clark," was now an actor with the great Abbey Theater. It took—and took hard.

After that, he haunted the theater

until they accepted him as an afterhours volunteer. Today, his brother tells how Barry went to work at 8:30 A.M. in his government job, came to the Abbey Theater during lunch time for an hour of rehearsal and a sandwich, dashed back to his job until 5 o'clock, returned to the theater at 5:30 for more rehearsals and then went on the stage in the evening.

Barry lived his "double life" for almost nine years, but since no man could remain half-clerk and half-actor, he eventually threw his job to the winds and became a full-fledged member of the Abbey Theater. Then, in 1931, the company decided to tour America. Barry wanted to see foreign lands, but all Americans, according to the books he had read, said things like: "If'un I'm wrong, there ain't no snakes in Kentucky." Reluctantly he signed for a job in the cowboy-and-Indian country.

One of his first performances was at Bryn Mawr, the elite girl's college near Philadelphia. Barry was amazed: not only did they speak English, but he was lionized.

"In Ireland," he says, "no one paid any attention to us, but in America we were celebrities. We could hardly contain ourselves."

The Abbey Players toured "the America beyond the big cities." They played at Princeton, Harvard and other educational centers. To his amazement, "we lived in homes, not hotels, and the people didn't say, 'I guess' and 'I calculate."

Barry decided he wanted to stay in America. Eventually he was brought to-Hollywood and thought himself terribly important. But no one even knew he was there. Every-



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body was important in Hollywood. "So, like the man in Mark

Twain," he smiles, "I was always going home but I never made it."

In 1936, when John Ford decided to make *The Plough and the Stars*, an old Abbey production, he went hunting the man who had played Fluther Good, and found Fitzgerald. But to Ford's discomfiture, Barry and a few of the old Abbey Players took over.

Says Fitzgerald: "We proceeded to tell Ford and Hollywood how to make pictures. Never having been in a picture, knowing nothing of the technique, we nevertheless were experts. We ignored Ford except to tell him occasionally what he could do with the production. Knowing we were stupid country louts, he let us talk our heads off."

The picture came out and Barry went to see it. Promptly he went home and hid. He had been saddled with one of the greatest flops in history. "From that time forward," Barry confesses, "I decided to let the directors and Hollywood make pictures, and hoped I could be in one more. But it was a great concession on my part."

TIME HAS BROUGHT Barry Fitzgerald reason in many things. He lives in a modest little bungalow on a modest little street. The furniture came with the house and looks it—old, simple and well-used.

A confirmed bachelor, Barry lives with stand-in Gus Tallon, who came along five years ago to spend two weeks studying Barry's mannerisms. He has been there ever since. They have occasional disagreements, but wouldn't know what to do without each other.

Barry plays the piano: Gus has literary ambitions. The two don't go so well together. Barry wants to play Chopin and Bach, and Gus insists he never gets beyond the scales, which go on endlessly.

Gus eats out at night, while Barry frequently dines at the home of his brother, who lives in the same block. Arthur has a wife, two children and a small bungalow. If Barry is working at the studio, he trudges up the block to Arthur's as soon as he gets home. There he settles down to await his favorite steak dinner. Later, he and his brother discuss their respective scripts for hours.

At midnight, Barry gets up, trudges down the block, his old jacket pulled around his ears, his pipe trailing smoke. At home he is more than likely to give the piano a whirl before going to bed. Gus usually has a sign on his door, "Man at Work," but this barrier against the piano is rarely effective.

When Barry isn't working, he gets up at 7:30, eats an egg and starts organizing a golf game. If golf is out, Barry putters in his small back yard, "paints things," cuts the grass. And then there is always his secret passion, the motorcycle. He used to ride it to work each day, careening wildly down Hollywood Boulevard. The studio finally said "No." Now Barry admits that he secretly rides it to San Fernando Valley, and "they don't know."

In person, Barry looks exactly like his screen self. He is balding, has a slight double chin, a jutting jaw. His nose is sharp, his eyebrows bushy, his eyes twinkle. His ears are big, his body small. He is like an elfish dwarf, whose house attire

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When working, he lives his part. This riles Gus, since it's confusing to have a priest wandering around the house one month and a wealthy playboy the next. But when Barry accepts a part he proceeds to ignore his script, meanwhile seeking the type in real life and stalking him if he can. When he knows something of the character, he laboriously works to learn his lines.

Barry has made 22 pictures in Hollywood, playing such roles as ship's cook, tram conductor, racetrack tout, wealthy playboy, priest and country doctor. In each case he has tried first to portray the man, second to say the lines.

"If you know your character," he says earnestly, "then you can say your lines like a child says a prayer. Otherwise they die on you."

His favorite director, Leo Mc-Carey, says: "Barry is painstaking in his performance, striving always for perfection." During the filming of Welcome Stranger, director Elliott Nugent was so swayed by Barry's pleas to try a scene again that he finally shouted: "If it's good to me, it's good for you!" It was.

In commenting upon the effects of winning an Oscar, Barry said of his part in Going My Way: "Leo McCarey made it possible, and I haven't had any peace since. People I never heard of started calling me up. Women sent me wedding gowns

to autograph. The phone rang all day. Why couldn't they leave an old man alone?"

However, monetarily speaking, Barry was highly pleased, for his salary jumped from \$7,500 a picture to about \$75,000 at Paramount studios. He signed a long-term contract for one picture a year, with the privilege of making pictures for outside studios. He is also free to do radio work. In short, the Oscar paid off.

It is difficult to understand Barry's appeal to all humanity. His vast fan mail comes from every age group, with the young crowd predominant. They write him about everything—their interests, their engagements, their coming marriages. He doesn't understand it. They act as if he were an old friend—and that probably explains some of his appeal.

Barry likes his radio work. It doesn't call for too much study—he can read his lines. He apparently has no desire to appear in a stage production again. To him, movies are the ideal medium: he is just a figure on the screen for a brief hour, and has no contact with crowds who would fawn upon him because he happens to be a Hollywood success.

As you can see, Barry Fitzgerald cannot be called a movie star in the usual sense of the word. He is just a man living in a small home on a quiet street, at peace with himself and his world.



A lie travels round the world while Truth is putting on her boots...

—C. H. Spurgeon



by SCOTT SEEGERS and MIREILLE GAULIN

THE BIGGEST MAN-KILLER in modern construction history was not a sensational, imagination-stirring job like the Golden Gate Bridge, the Holland Tunnel or the Panama Canal. It was the Madeira-Mamoré Railway, 227 miles of narrow-gauge track laid deep in the jungles of the Amazon, between Porto Velho and Guajará-Mirim, Brazil.

The railway was built during the great rubber boom early in this century, to by-pass more than 200 miles of rock-toothed falls and rapids in the Madeira and Mamoré Rivers. Legend says that a man died on the job for every one of the crossties laid. Actually, nobody knows how many thousands died or vanished, because few records were kept. But during the 40-odd years of sporadic construction, an

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army of engineers, technicians and unskilled laborers of all nationalities, shanghaied from Mediterranean dives, Caribbean plantations and Near East water fronts, were killed off by the jungle.

Any man recruited for the job was adventure bait with the odds against him. The men fought bugs all the time and Indians once in a while. They barely avoided, or didn't quite avoid, snake bite. They disappeared into the forest, they ran amok, they killed each other over cards. But mostly they just died unspectacularly of malaria, dysentery, beriberi, tropical ulcers, yellow fever, or of gaudy combinations of several diseases.

During the peak construction effort, from 1907 to 1912, some 10,000 men a year were bribed, coaxed and blackmailed into embarking for the Madeira. Yet the pay-roll records never showed more than 3,000 men on the job at any one time. Not all the others, however,

died on the job.

Hundreds came out, took one look at the country, and went back down-river on the same boat. Hundreds of others, under a year's contract, stayed only until the next boat arrived. Others, scared by the horror stories they heard after embarking, escaped before they ever reached the Madeira. Of one batch of 350 Cubans, only 65 reached Porto Velho. The other 285 were the lucky ones.

Probably the job's most efficient slaughter was worked on 600 unsuspecting Germans brought from Hamburg. An enterprising machinist called Wilhelm Jürgens thought he could help the line solve its manpower problem and do himself good

at the same time. Jürgens got the company's standard deal, \$10 above expenses for every jungle-fodder recruit delivered at Porto Velho.

Back in his native Hamburg, Jürgens reflected prosperity like a gambler's diamond as he told his countrymen of high pay and an easy life in a new land of unparalleled opportunity. Speaking German only, his innocent victims were insulated from the scare stories, told mostly in English, Spanish, Portuguese and Italian. All the way up the Amazon and into the Madeira, they expected paradise to appear around the next bend. They arrived at Porto Velho one steaming morning and were told that this was the end of the line. Stunned, they stared at the raw settlement huddled on the high, muddy bank of the great river.

Close behind the rough buildings stood the towering rain-forest, obscenely luxuriant with looping vines which shut out the sun. The jungle's moist and rotting smell hung over the whole scene. Nothing had prepared them for such a green and savage world as this. Suddenly they were frightened silent.

Almost in a trance they walked down the gangplank from the puffing old stern-wheeler. But an hour later they were in full cry. They'd been fooled, they decided, and wouldn't work. Nevertheless, the contractors broke them up into small groups and sent them out on the line under hard-eyed foremen.

The 600 Germans went on strike, refusing even to take quinine. They were being poisoned, they said. Within three months, more than half of them were dead, and most of the rest were sick. A few "es-

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Soon, only 60 were left. Desperate, these broke into a commissary, loaded food supplies onto rafts and pushed off for the 800-mile trip down-river. Indians killed nine men on one raft. The others upset in the rapids above Porto Velho, and all were drowned.

When Jürgens' second contingent of workmen from Hamburg arrived at Porto Velho, the contractors stood at the gangplank with rifles, threatening to shoot any man leaving the boat. That ended German labor recruiting, with the lone exception of Harry Seivers. He survived the fevers, became a Brazilian citizen and retired on a pension in the 1920s. He died in Sao Paulo in 1940, and his widow still gets the pension.

THE GRIM MADEIRA adventure began in 1870, when Bolivia and Brazil agreed to by-pass the rapids with a canal. Capital for the project was raised among optimistic Britons, and the construction contract was given to an even more optimistic American, Col. George Church of Philadelphia.

Church's engineers came, saw, and backed out hurriedly. Anybody was crazy, they said, who thought he could blast a canal through alternating jungle, swamp and solid rock, at a spot 2,000 miles from the nearest seaport (Belém), 800 miles from the nearest town, in a region which could supply none of the labor, food or construction materials.

So a canal was out. Then how about a railway? Church started it in 1874 with American engineers and with labor picked up wherever he could get it. But the jungle whipped them, and when they pulled out after several years, they left behind five miles of track, 40 miles of surveyed line, and a brass-bound Baldwin locomotive which was to serve as hot-water tank, henhouse and baker's oven before it pulled cars again.

In 1878, the Brazilian Government took on the jungle. The final report on this venture noted that "...the Brazilian engineers died, just like the Americans." After that, the jungle had everything its own

way for a while.

About 1900, the first rubber boom added its incredible chapter to the railway's history. Manaus, a dank jungle town clinging to the Amazon 1,000 miles from the sea. blossomed overnight into a raucous tropical Yukon. Diamonds flashed from fingers which seldom knew the touch of soap, and every lady casually met in the dim streets after dark was a "countess." Rubber was \$2.50 a pound, and the world's riffraff crawled up the Amazon, where bars, card games and crooked roulette wheels were wide open 24 hours a day.

Manaus streets were paved with cobblestones brought from Portugal at \$1.50 each. The largest opera house in Latin America was built at a reputed cost of \$10,000,000, and an Italian company sweated through one brief and glittering season there. But because the best rubber in the world came from the Beni, above the Madeira and Mamoré rapids, the railway must now be built.

In 1906, a Brazilian contractor found that Brazilian engineers still

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died just like Americans. So he got rid of his contract to the fabulous and wealthy American, Percival Farquhar, who formed the Madeira-Mamoré Railway Company. Then Farquhar prudently subcontracted the actual construction to May, Jekyll & Randolph, and retired to administer the project from the nontropical environs of Portland, Maine.

The new contractors had built railways in Central America and Cuba, but they had never seen anything like the Madeira jungle. Grimly they went to work. miles down-river from the last falls. they hacked out a clearing and called it Porto Velho-Old Port. They recruited engineers in the U.S. and labor wherever they could. Neither was easy, because the job was already known everywhere as the world's worst death trap. A doctor sent down to build a hospital reported that no white man could work for more than 90 days at a stretch.

The company hired a labor contractor who chartered an old tramp steamer under Panamanian registry and shuttled between West Indian ports and Porto Velho. For a time Panama was his gold mine, for the Panama Canal Company had brought in thousands of laborers at the then-high price of \$2.50 a day. The Madeira-Mamoré floating recruiting office tied up at Colón and sent out word that there were plenty of jobs at \$3.30 a day in the garden spot of the earth. The contractor siphoned off a good deal of the Canal Company's help until the U.S. Government put a stop to labor snatching.

One after another, Jamaica,

Cuba, Barbados, Puerto Rico and other Caribbean islands closed their ports to the contractor. Then the company brought men from Europe until the European countries caught on and kept their nationals off recruiting ships.

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A number of Spaniards working in Cuba heard of the high wages and paid their own passage to Porto Velho. They and the Italians, plus an occasional lean Cearense from the deserts of northeastern Brazil, turned out to be the best labor. Occasionally, too, a North American would stroll in from Bolivia, casually put his name on the company pay roll as "John Smith" and work for a few months until he died or drifted on.

These men were no deacons. Liquor was forbidden on the job, but every boat brought fresh supplies of liquor. Payday was drinking, gambling and shooting day. Nevertheless, the right of way inched forward into the forest. New hands came, and old ones died or went back down-river.

Time after time engineers had to tear up miles of track because the foaming river shifted its course overnight during the rainy season. Time after time they watched miles of slowly built fill sink into the swamps. The rains rusted machinery, and the emerylike dust of the dry season wore out moving parts. When something broke, months would pass before replacements arrived.

And when a company clerk left suddenly, which was nearly every time a boat went back down-river, food and material requisitions got messed up. For one dreary month the technical staff lived on coffee and hardtack. A departing clerk had neglected to send the food requisition for the month.

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Nor were sudden departures limited to the clerical level. One day the chief engineer, Percival Ashmeade, stood on the bank and watched the tubby old Oracabessa getting ready to shove off. "I think I've got beriberi," he said suddenly. Then he hiked off for his suitcase, and boarded the vessel.

The forests were full of hard-woods, but malaria-weakened men couldn't chop trees into crossties. So eucalyptus ties were brought from Australia, and yellow pine from Georgia. Thus, slowly, the jungle gave way. The doctor got his hospital built, insisted on screens for the houses, and brought in supplies of quinine.

Only 1,500 men died of disease between 1907 and 1911 (or so say the records). But 30,340 patients were treated for severe malaria and other tropical diseases during that period. A man on muleback distributed quinine along the line every day, and each foreman saw that every man in his gang swallowed the ten-grain dose or was docked a day's pay.

Even the crosstie situation got better. Frank Jonas, an American, was taken off a clerical job and put in charge of three tugs plying the river in search of meat and crossties. Jonas' quality tests were simple. Any cattle that could walk were beef. If the crossties sank in water they were okay. Wood light enough to float would rot or be devoured by insects in weeks.

So the rails were laid on ties of precious masaranduba, iron-hard

jacaranda, snakewood and ironwood. It took five years to lay the crossties, and the last rail was laid the day after the last crosstie was levered into place. The first train puffed the full distance from Porto Velho to Guajará-Mirim in April, 1912. And now, at last, the Madeira-Mamoré railway began to reap a rich harvest.

The fine Beni rubber brought a premium above the standard price. And every pound of Beni rubber had to traverse the railway, for which the company had a 60-year operating concession.

The company built up an intricate system of interlocking firms. They operated fleets of river boats to bring up freight at fantastic rates and go down-river loaded with pure latex. Affiliated companies purchased supplies for them in the States, and still others traded the rubber in world markets. It was easy, it was beautiful, and the money rolled in in a golden tide. Then the bottom fell out.

Malayan plantations came into production, and the price of rubber hit the skids. In Manaus, diamonds worth thousands could be had for the price of a boat ticket home. Fortunes collapsed as suddenly as they had been amassed.

The company's 60-year contract now loomed even bigger and blacker than the jungle had a few years earlier. They ran fewer and fewer trains, they made fewer repairs and replacements, and soon the railway had become strictly a Toonerville operation. Finally they took the easy way out. At midnight, June 30, 1931, precisely at the end of the company's fiscal year, the entire American personnel trooped

quietly aboard ships at Porto Velho and sailed for home.

The Governor of the Territory finally got the trains running again with native help. He has kept them running ever since, nursing the ancient equipment over the route twice a week. During the war, the road had a brief return of glory when the Allies were frantic for rubber. But the glamorous, terrible old days never came back.

Today the ancient cars canter over the uneven roadbed at 15 miles an hour. With long stops at every clearing, it takes a day and a half to cover the jungle-lined route. Passengers show traces of the polyglot crew which built the railway: beside the Negro-Indian mixture which is standard for the Amazon lowlands, there are the sharp profile of the Arab, the slanting eyes of the Oriental, the volatile Italian face. Occasionally one sees the fair

hair and blue eyes bequeathed by some roistering Scandinavian who left his bones beside the right of way.

Today there are concrete houses with iceboxes, radios and bathrooms in Porto Velho. There are schools where children are made to use toothbrushes and take vitamin pills. Drawing on some inexhaustible fount of enthusiasm, former Governor Aluiso Ferreira has brought doctors, engineers and agronomists to Porto Velho, tempting them with free houses, free servants and glowing tales of the region's possibilities.

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But the nearest seaport is still 2.000 miles eastward, and the towering tops of the Andes still bar the way to the Pacific on the west. The dank green wall of the forest stands dark and close, reminding those along the narrow right of way and in the tiny clearings that they are there only for a little while,

CREDITS

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Correction: In the March issue, in an article entitled "J.Edgar Hoover: America's Master of the Hunt," Greenville, North Carolina, was erroneously identified as the scene of the lynching of Willie Earle. Coronet sincerely regrets the mistake.

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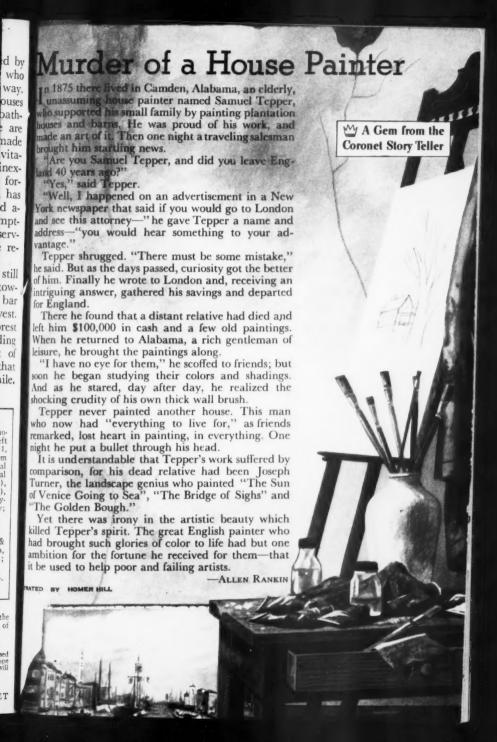
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